



No. 449.—Vol. XXXV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT ("QUEEN OF AMERICAN BRUNETTE BEAUTY"),

WHO PLAYS PHYLLIS ERICSON IN "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE,

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BUSHNELL, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE CLUBMAN.

Life at Homburg—The King's Day—The Golf Club—The Tennis Courts—The Evening's Amusements.

FOR a week I have been living the simple life of Homburg, and there is no place where the world of the Clubs and the world of Society gathers in which the day passes in such a simple and healthy manner as it does here. To rise at seven and go to bed at ten is a change of life indeed to ladies and men who, as a rule, look on ten o'clock as the hour for breakfast and always hear the chimes at midnight.

It is scarcely necessary for me to describe Homburg, for it is as well known to those who live in Clubland as St. James's Park is. The Park which is the centre of Homburg is a vale of healing as well as of pleasure, for in it are the baths and the springs, as well as the golf-links and the tennis-courts. On one side of the valley the town stands on its hill, with the watch-tower of the Schloss, the dreary-looking palace in which the Kaiser takes up his residence when he stays at Homburg, marking its highest point, and on the other is the Hard Wood, a forest on a table-topped hill, in which there are foot-paths and roads innumerable.

The life at Homburg begins with the early morning promenade under the little chestnut-trees which divide the broad gravelled path into four avenues. At one end of this path is the Elisabethbrunnen, the principal spring. It lies in a little hollow, amidst banks of turf and flower-beds, and little maids take the glasses of visitors and fill them with water. Quite close to this spring is a fine palm-house with an iron colonnade leading to it, which in rainy weather is always crowded, and the newspaper-stalls, and in a wooden arcade hard by are the flower-stalls, one of which is kept by Frau Zeininger, from whom the King generally purchases his flowers. It is one of the pretty customs of all the German watering-places for the men to buy great bunches of roses in the morning and to give them or send them to ladies of their acquaintance, and His Majesty, who lives at Homburg exactly the same life as any other visitor there, conforms to this charming custom, and on the morning that the Queen and her daughter started for Denmark bought two great bunches of roses for them.

One reason why the King prefers Homburg to any other watering-place is that it is thoroughly understood there that His Majesty wishes to live the life of a private gentleman during his "cure," and this wish is thoroughly respected. On the early morning promenade, nobody does more than glance at the quiet gentleman in dark clothes and a black Homburg hat who passes with Sir Stanley Clarke and Captain Fritz Ponsonby in attendance, and if tourists from Frankfort try to follow His Majesty—and the Germans are the worst offenders in this—they soon get a hint to discontinue the annoyance. Sometimes the King sends for somebody to whom he may wish to speak, but this year this has been of rare occurrence.

In the forenoon, I understand, the King is massaged, which is part of the "cure" prescribed for him, and in the afternoon anyone walking on the roads or in the woods may see a handsome, dark-green motor-car pass swiftly, and catch a glimpse of His Majesty's face as he sits behind the chauffeur and the guide who points out the various roads. Once or twice this year, when especially interesting matches have been in progress on the tennis-grounds, the King has used the key of a private gate and has looked on for an hour; and in previous years he used at times to play golf on the Club links.

If, in the morning, the wells and the path under the chestnut-trees are the rendezvous for all Homburg, the golf-châlet is, in turn, the focus in the afternoon. It is a pretty little white-walled building, with a gravelled space in front of it on which are crimson wicker-chairs and tea-tables with white cloths, and here, in flannels and lawn and linen and muslin, all the smart world of the little town meets to chat and to take tea. It is by no means an easy Club to obtain admittance to, for the Committee do not accept membership of other Clubs as a pass to the sacred railed-off space, but consider very carefully the merits of every candidate. General Duff, who is the honorary secretary, superintends the keeping in order of the links as a labour of love, and nowhere can smoother putting-greens be found.

When the two great Tennis Tournaments of the year—the one in which the cup for the Championship of the German Army is the principal prize, and the other, concluded a week ago, in which the Championship of Germany is played for by athletes from all parts of the world—are in progress, the courts are a counter-attraction to the links, for nowhere in the world can better tennis, played both by men and ladies, be seen than at Homburg. Miss Lowther was the fortunate winner of the beautiful little monogram brooch given by the King as first prize for the ladies' single event.

In the evening a simple dinner comes at the close of a day spent in the open air. All the big hotels—Ritter's, the Russie, the Augusta Victoria, the Victoria, the Savoy—have open-air restaurants either on a terrace or in an inner court, and parties are made up to eat one or the other *table d'hôte* meal, which is always one at which no doctor could cabil. On Fridays, which is usually a firework night, it has become the fashion to dine on the terrace of the Kurhaus, and the dinner there this year is just as admirable as at any of the hotels. Should the King invite anyone to dine with him, the much-favoured guest finds at the Royal table an even simpler meal than the *table d'hôte* one.

THE CHAPERON.

At the Dublin Horse Show—A Bevy of Beauties—The Ingénue Scores—The Liberty Allowed to Girls—The King's Plans—English Visitors to Compiègne—Social Items—Smart Housekeeping.

IRELAND seems still the happy hunting-ground of chaperons, and I notice that the young group of spinster beauties which has long been a delightful feature of the Viceregal Court rarely appears in any public place without a cohort of mothers and married sisters. But many people are old-fashioned enough to prefer this, and the Horse Show Week will certainly be remembered as one of this year's few bright social happenings, while the frocks, perhaps because the three weeks' mourning for the Empress Frederick came to an end the week before, were particularly pretty and bright, though, of course, Lady Cadogan, the Duchess of Abercorn, and the Duchess of St. Albans made a point of appearing in black-and-white. As to who were there—the Duchesses both brought pretty daughters, as did Lady Coventry and Lord Enniskillen. The married beauties included Lady Fingall, Lady Shaftesbury, and Lady Milbanke, whose husband is still at "the Front," but who seemed to enjoy this return to the scene of her early triumphs, looking prettier than ever in a variety of trousseau costumes. Another pretty bride who attracted a great deal of attention was Lady Headfort, who has become very popular in the Roman Catholic section of Irish Society. In deference, it is said, to a personal message from the King, no dances took place at the Viceregal Lodge, but Lord and Lady Cadogan were entertaining in some form or other every day of the week, their house-party being exceptionally brilliant, and including two great *parties*, Lord Dalmeny and Lord Finecastle.

Not so very long ago, pretty married women kept those of their young daughters who were not actually "out" as much in the background as possible; but now children have become the fashion, and many of our leading beauties are constantly accompanied, when driving and when attending garden-parties and the like, by their small girls. Mrs. George Keppel's tiny daughter is perfectly lovely, so is the curly-haired girl of Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and the adopted daughter of Princess Alexis Dolgorouki is another child-beauty. Lady Essex is also often seen about with her very pretty little Iris; and it rather looks as if the New Century has good days in store for the sweet-seventeen *ingénue*. On the other hand, I cannot help noting with regret the extraordinary amount of liberty now given to young girls, the boy-and-girl dances boasting the presence of, say, only two or three chaperons. The juvenile race-parties, when all the young people go off together on one coach or in a huge wagonette, while their elders follow in other vehicles, sometimes lead to regrettable incidents, for, while this kind of thing may be very pretty, as an Eton boy once translated a famous saying anent British methods of warfare, "it is magnificent, but not at all the game."

As to who is responsible for the new state of things—which, by the way, I may mention is not at all approved of by either King Edward or Queen Alexandra—I fancy that the great Charity Bazaars which have now become quite a craze in town and country are to be blamed.

Many well-known people, following the King's example, are leaving Homburg this week, and there seems an idea that, after leaving Homburg, His Majesty will proceed directly for a short visit to his nephew and niece the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, who are now staying at Wolfs Garten, the delightful country château to which His Majesty's sister the late Princess Alice was much attached.

I hear it hinted that the King's visit to Denmark is one of business as well as pleasure, for during his stay at Fredensborg the Russian Emperor will be among his fellow-guests, and the two Sovereigns have not nowadays many opportunities of meeting one another in a free and untrammelled fashion, though "Uncle Walestie," as the Emperor still calls the King, is one of the Czar's favourite relations and one whom he greatly trusts. Apropos of Russian Royalties, there is nowadays such a craze for seeing everything that is worth seeing that quite a number of well-known English intend to put in a few days at Compiègne in order to see something of the Imperial visit—and visitors.

It was while staying at Compiègne in the 'sixties that the then Prince of Wales nearly lost his life during a stag-hunt organised in his honour by Napoleon III. As His Royal Highness's horse was galloping along one of the grassy drives for which the forest is famous, a stag issued from one of the cross-paths and knocked over both horse and rider. Fortunately, the latter was only shaken, and so pluckily went on hunting during the rest of the day.

September weddings seem decidedly the fashion, and many friends of the popular bridegroom and pretty bride are sure to turn up to see Captain Ames and Miss Violet Cecil turned-off to-morrow (Thursday).

I hear of partridge-parties in full swing, especially in Yorkshire, the true home of "the little brown bird."

There seems to have been rather an amusing scene at Windsor when Lord Farquhar held a kind of Royal Servants' Review—quite, it seems, an innovation. The new Master of the King's Household will be able to obtain some useful hints from his wife, who is a quite admirable manager and hostess. Since the appearance of certain gardening and household-advice books, housekeeping has become quite a fashion, and the housekeepers in several great country-houses have found their posts turned into sinecures, while *chefs* complain that weird recipes are constantly sent them from the boudoir cut from "Potpourri" and similar manuals!

"JOHN DURNFORD, M.P." AT THE COURT.

From the time, now some eight years ago, when he made his débüt as a dramatist with his skilful and by no means slavish adaptation of

"Hypatia," any new play from the pen of Mr. Stuart Ogilvie has been an event of much interest to all players who are not ashamed to think. In "Hypatia," as in his less successful stage-works, "The Sin of St. Hulda" and "The White Knight," Mr. Ogilvie has evinced much dramatic power, if not always an exact appreciation of dramatic construction. Moreover, he has always displayed a quaint, if quiet, sense of humour and considerable literary finish. The portrait of Mr. Ogilvie was by Mr. William H. Grove, 174, Brompton Road, after a rapid crayon sketch by Miss E. Deane.

To judge from a cursory

glance over the script and a hurried chat with the Management, *The Sketch* representative feels justified in saying that all the above-named qualities will be found in Mr. Ogilvie's latest play, "John Durnford, M.P.," which Messrs. H. T. Brickwell and Frederick Kerr are to produce at the Court Theatre to-morrow (Thursday) evening.

This is not, as has been reported, wholly a political play. It might, rather, be described as a strong social drama set in a political atmosphere. The name-part (to be enacted by Mr. Kerr) is a fine fellow, a born political leader and true reformer, descended from a famous manufacturing family, proud of and generous to the hundreds of toilers who have helped to make his and his family's fortunes. By these "hands" he is not only honoured, but beloved. If he has a fault, it is perhaps that he is (or thinks he is) so strong in what Mr. Joseph Surface calls "the consciousness of his own integrity" that he has little or no toleration for the vices or even for the foibles of others. John Durnford's wife was, soon after giving birth to a little daughter, stricken down with an incurable mental malady. At the time the play opens, the child has grown to woman's estate, and is, indeed, married and the possessor of a baby. The young wife's mother is still confined to an asylum, and ere long news comes of a fresh terrible outbreak on her part.

In the twenty-odd years that have intervened no breath of scandal has ever attached itself to this in every sense Honourable Member's name. There comes a time, however, when even this clean-minded, upright English gentleman is to be tried and tempted on his own account—yes, in spite of all that he has done to save others from shame and wrong, and in spite of all his heart-searchings as to whether, even for whole-souled Party purposes, he should keep politically loyal to a Leader whom he and all the world know to be as foul-living as he is brilliant.

I do not think it right to describe in full detail, before the play's production, the exact nature of Durnford's temptations, nor the beautifully touching scene wherein this "loye-and-duty" struggle, between an earnest man and a true, high-spirited, noble girl who has been universally maligned, is worked out. Suffice it to say that the problem in question first arises through John Durnford's fervent gratitude and fast-growing affection for the aforesaid girl—a splendidly drawn Irish character (allotted to the beautiful Miss Ellis Jeffreys), who has, in defiance of all the convenances, risked, and apparently forfeited, her own reputation, in order to save from impending sin and shame John's own wayward and unthinking married daughter.

The scene showing Jennie O'Callaghan's foiling of the political roué's plot against the silly girl, and John Durnford's belief that it is Jennie who has compromised herself, takes place in a wonderfully realistic "set," showing a roadside inn on the edge of a railway cutting, and is likely to be very effective both histrionically and scenically.



MR. STUART OGILVIE,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN DURNFORD, M.P." TO BE PRODUCED AT THE COURT THEATRE TO-MORROW.

For the present, it is enough to say that there is an abundance of comedy relief, especially of the wild political-election sort, and that the remainder of the strong company engaged includes Miss May Harvey and Miss Sarah Brooke, and Mr. Herbert Standing, Mr. Stanley Cooke (who has played Mr. Penley's parts all over the country), and Mr. G. W. Anson, who represents an unctuous politico-pious hypocrite such as the late J. B. Buckstone was wont to delight in.

H. C. N.

CAST OF "JOHN DURNFORD, M.P."

The Marquis of Northwold	MR. JULIUS KNIGHT.
Lord Arthur Hone	MR. DENNIS EADIE.
Ely Jubber, M.P.	MR. G. W. ANSON.
Charlie Gabbett	MR. C. TROODE.
Pollydor Plasden	MR. STANLEY COOKE.
Edward Barron	MR. H. NYE CHART.
Thomas Billing	MR. R. C. HERZ.
Mr. Coe	MR. W. H. QUINTON.
Merrydew	MR. V. TURNER.
Major O'Callaghan	MR. HERBERT STANDING.
Garnon	MR. R. C. HERZ.
Lady St. Cyr	MISS MAY HARVEY.
Lady Arthur Hone (<i>née</i> Durnford)	MISS SARAH BROOKE.
Miss Griselda Carew	MISS MARJORIE GRIFFITHS.
Mrs. Pollydor Plasden	MISS NANCY PRICE.
Mrs. Wells	MISS ALICE DENVILLE.
Mrs. Fairweather	MISS R. MOODIE.
Jennie O'Callaghan	MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.
John Durnford, M.P.	MR. FREDERICK KERR.

Act I.—The Casino at Chapelle-les-Bains.

Act II.—An Ante-room in the Work Girls' Institute at Blackburgh.

Act III.—Parlour at "The Case is Altered."

Act IV.—The Assembly Rooms, Blackburgh.



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS (THE HON. MRS. GRAHAM CURZON-HOWE), WHO TAKES THE LEADING LADY'S PART IN THE NEW PIECE AT THE COURT, "JOHN DURNFORD, M.P."

Photo by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Green Lamp-Posts—The King's Statue—Why the Century?—Excursionists in London—The Three Thousand Aggregates—Fry and his Centuries—A Record Year—The Cricket Prize-Winners—A Benefit to be Noted.

I WAS walking along Chancery Lane, a day or two ago, when I saw what seems to me to be a bit of an innovation. The authorities of that part of the world have taken advantage of the holiday-time to paint their lamp-posts, dust-bins, and so on, and they have painted them a vivid green. Some municipalities paint their dust-bins red, which leads to confusion with the pillar-boxes, and, as green is a fine contrast to the scarlet of the "G.P.O.," there is much to be said for the new colour. But I prefer the old mud-colour for the lamp-posts. Vivid green is a shade too startling.

The stillness of the holiday season has been broken, not by the Sea Serpent or by the bursting of the Giant Gooseberry, but by a genius who has discovered that we have no statue of the King in London. I happen to pass pretty frequently by the heraldic monster which marks where old Temple Bar once stood, and I see every time I go by a statue of the King as Prince of Wales. I wonder how long it was before we had a statue of the Queen? Anyhow, I hope that it will not be so long before we have a statue of the King, though, for my part, I would rather see his cheery face in real life than cut in stone.

I see that the new Adelphi Theatre is very nearly out of the builders' hands, and I suppose that the actors will be in it in about a fortnight's time. But what I want to know is, why are they altering the name and hiding the good old Adelphi under the Century—a name which means nothing and has no associations? "The Man in the Street" has known the Adelphi ever since he has known any theatre, and why they could not leave the old name which has been famous since before most of us were born would puzzle anyone to say. Someone will be wanting to change the name of Drury Lane next.

What a lot of excursionists in London just now! They come up from the depths of the country by trains which start at midnight and get to town at ghostly hours, before most of us are up. I meet them wandering about, carrying babies and baskets of provisions, and I believe that they catch trains at twelve o'clock at night and joggle along in the dark back to their homes. They must have a queer idea of London, these people, for they don't seem to do anything but stroll aimlessly about the streets and stare at the houses and the population. It is only at the end of August that you see them, and, as it is just the time when London is least like itself, they must carry back a curious idea of life in the Metropolis.

Thank you, gentlemen! "The Man in the Street" takes off his hat to you. Last week, I hoped that C. B. Fry and Abel would exceed three thousand runs this season, and, curiously enough, they both achieved that feat on the same day and almost exactly at the same hour. C. B. Fry was playing for Sussex against Kent, and on Friday last, soon after lunch, completed his three thousand amid general cheering. On the same day, and also just after lunch, Abel, at the Oval, for Surrey v. Middlesex, gratified his many admirers by hitting his three thousandth run this season.

But C. B. Fry not only made his aggregate over three thousand, but his century on Friday was the fifth he has made consecutively and his twelfth this season. His five consecutive centuries make a record, and Fry has never been in such form as he is in this season. He is decidedly the great batsman of the year. He scored his first century in 1892, playing for Oxford against Somerset.

Abel finished the week with 205 not out, but, in spite of that, he did not top the averages, as C. B. Fry led with an average of 73 and an aggregate of 3042. K. S. Ranjitsinhji was second, with an average of 69 and an aggregate of 2358, while Abel was third, with an average of 58 and an aggregate of 3148. This year creates another record, as two batsmen have passed the three thousand, a thing which only one man, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, in 1899 and 1900, has ever done before. The Indian Prince has not much chance of repeating his feat, and the only other man who is likely to get 3000 is Tyldesley, who has 2815 to his credit.

So far, the leading batsmen stand as follows: Fry heads the century race with twelve to his credit, has the highest average, and was the first to score 3000 runs this season; Ranjitsinhji has made the highest score, with 285 not out; and Abel has the biggest aggregate—3148. Among the bowlers, Rhodes is easily first, with 219 wickets taken at a cost of a trifle over fourteen runs each—a magnificent performance; while Hirst comes next, with 161 wickets and an average of fifteen and three-quarters. These two bowlers stand apart from the rest, and it is chiefly owing to them that Yorkshire is the Champion County this year.

There are two benefits next week to which "The Man in the Street" would like to call particular attention. One is Lockwood's match at the Oval, and the other the match at Lord's for the benefit of the widow and children of the late William Yardley. The Yardley benefit especially appeals to us, and I hope that it will be a bumper.

SOME SPORTSMEN: THE COLONEL.

LITERALLY and metaphorically, the Colonel is a straight man. Six feet in his stockings, sun-bronzed, grey-haired, blue-eyed, he has the physique of an old campaigner and the heart of a boy. He has served his country in India for very many years, and has been mentioned in despatches during more than one campaign in the North-West Provinces. A sportsman since he was big enough to handle a gun, he has shot the tiger and sambur in India, the lion and elephant in and round Somaliland, the rhinoceros in Senegal. He has speared wild boar in Morocco, and shot quail on the marsh-lands that fringe the Bosphorus. Yet he never talks of his exploits unless he is most skilfully drawn, and then with a modesty that is not the less charming because it is so rare.

To-day the Colonel has retired from active work, and passes most of his time in one of the Service Clubs rather less than a hundred miles from Pall Mall. In the spring and summer he may be seen in the Park, where his quick step and military bearing proclaim the soldier. In autumn, sport claims him, but it is not sport of the kind called "featherbed." He will not shoot for the sake of the bag, and the sport he likes best combines active exercise with shooting. His notions are old-fashioned—an early start, a short lunch, no talking, a line kept rigorously. The man who shoots his neighbour's bird is an abomination to him; he eschews single-trigger and ejector guns. A pair of hammer-guns built by a well-known maker thirty years ago suffice him; his shooting-suit was probably made soon after his arrival at man's estate, but, somehow, the smarter members of a shooting-party always lose their glitter by his side: he looks a sportsman, while the others just do credit to their tailors—and, perhaps, take credit from them.

The sporting cad has no comfort in the Colonel's company: he gets a few curt remarks all to himself, and they pierce the armour of his self-esteem. It is better to hear the Colonel allot an outsider his place in the scheme of things than to shoot a woodcock. In parties where sport runs a poor third to cards and drink, the gallant soldier has some properties—he will even spin yarns to keep waverers from roulette and "Bridge." Long whist and billiards are his pastimes. He studied temperance in India, and Colonel Newcome himself had not more horror of tales whose habitat is the smoking- or billiard-room.

It might be thought, and with reason, that a man whose shooting has been so varied would be intolerant of the sport that suffices Englishmen who have never known anything better. I was surprised to find that the Colonel will face a rabbit-warren with as keen an interest as a man could show while hunting big game. His shooting is very fine. I know few men who can kill more cleanly. Fur and feathers fall in the same way—all shot through the head where such a shot is practicable, while if a shot is very easy or very difficult the Colonel holds his fire. It is fair to say that he leaves more easy shots than difficult ones, and will always pass anything that may afford the next gun a better chance.

Keepers and their underlings respect him. He does not give big tips, nor does he hesitate to state plainly his inability to do so; but he is very considerate to all who serve him, and has an appreciation of the manoeuvres connected with a big day's sport that pleases the men whose credit is at stake. Most keepers prefer the good sportsman with a small tip to the duffer who scatters liberal largess. Moreover, he has no jealousy, and is well content with his place, wherever it may be. While other men are prospecting within the limits laid down by their own conscience, and are consequently spoiling the best-laid plans of the keeper, the Colonel is in his place immovable; for the time being, the keeper is his superior officer. He meets with his reward, and generally finds as much work as he wants to do, for he will not shoot with two guns, and likes to carry his own cartridges.

The lady sportsman is the Colonel's abomination; he regards her as a monstrous product of the divided skirt and the "Hill-top" novel. His father would not have allowed his sisters to carry a gun or ride a bicycle or read a modern work of fiction—there the question begins and ends. "The world has not changed in the last thirty or forty years," he has said to me; "and, even if there has been a change, human nature remains the same and wants holding in check, sir!"

It is needless to say that the Colonel has his detractors—who has not? I have heard him called an old fossil; his likes and dislikes are ridiculed, not always in a kindly spirit. Truly enough, he belongs to another generation. In his young days, men shot over pointers, extensive preserves were few, and big bags almost unknown. Consequently, he has some difficulty in adapting himself to the changes that have arisen in the years when he was on foreign service, and his critics are slow to recognise his effort to catch up with the times. In days when the tendency is to do everything at express rates, and to place records before comfort, there is not much room or honour for the steady-livers who will not forsake their accustomed pace. Yet, so far as sport is concerned, the older generation seems to get most pleasure and most benefit. Its conventions may be trying at times; but, at least, they are founded on a shrewder knowledge of sport than obtains among the men who do everything in a hurry.

B.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London,

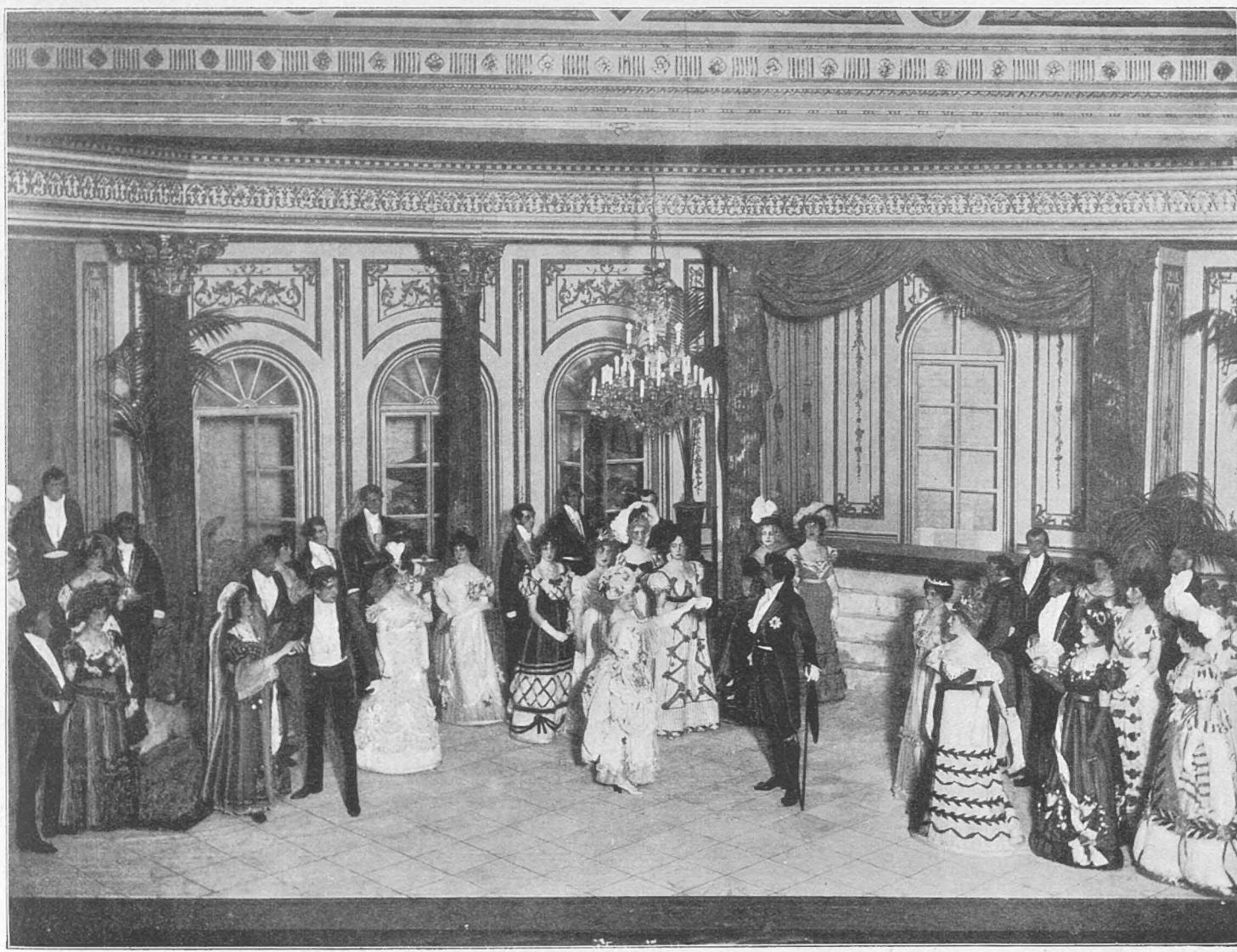
THE LAST POST.

Possible retirement of Lord Salisbury! That was the news the *Pall Mall* startled town with on Friday evening. I own I took it cum-grano-Salisbury. Still, the fact that it was the *Pall Mall* which first heralded Mr. Gladstone's resignation lends importance to its present statement. But, on reading the article carefully, one found it went no further than the intimation that the Prime Minister might surrender the cares of office in the autumn or the winter, or might consent to stay on till after the Coronation. So that the alarmist report may have been only a bit of political guesswork, after all. Lord Salisbury's is a name to conjure with; he is regarded as a statesman of the highest honour and experience, and most of us would like to see him remain in his present position as chief pilot till old age incapacitates him. When that time comes, the Duke of Devonshire ought to be his successor. The President of the Council's long years of service and knowledge of public affairs point to him as the right man.

Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry had need of their brief holiday to brace them for the *tour de force* they began on Monday night,

THE GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA.

HIS MAJESTY'S selection of Sir George Sydenham Clarke, K.C.M.G., to be Governor of the State of Victoria in the new Australian Commonwealth is indeed a most happy one. Born in Lincolnshire, Sir George was educated at Haileybury and Wimbledon, and, after passing through the Royal Military Academy, entered the "Sappers." In the Egyptian Expedition of 1882 he won the medal and star, and three years later he was in the Soudan in connection with the Intelligence Department and as Assistant Political Officer. For many years after he was at the War Office, and acted as Secretary to the Colonial Defence Committee and to the Royal Commission on Navy and Army Administration. He was also sent on special duty to various Continental countries and to the United States and Canada. In later years he has filled the important post of Superintendent of the Royal Carriage Department at Woolwich. He is also an author of note, his chief works being, naturally, connected with warfare from the scientific point of view, especially Fortification and Engineering, though he has written on such subjects as "The Navy and



[Photo by Bussano, Old Bond Street, W.]

THE NEW VERSION OF "VANITY FAIR" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S: BECKY SHARP DANCES A MINUET WITH "A ROYAL PERSONAGE" AT GAUNT HOUSE.

"And even wins the favour of 'a Royal Personage,' made up to resemble the susceptible Fourth George."—SEE "THE SKETCH" NOTICE, PAGE 288.

when they appeared at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in the magnificent Lyceum *édition de luxe* of Shakspere's "Coriolanus"—with this stupendous week's programme on their brains, to boot: repetition of "Coriolanus" on Tuesday, "Madame Sans-Gêne" at Wednesday's matinée, and "The Lyons Mail" for Wednesday evening; "Louis XI." for Thursday, and "The Merchant of Venice," Friday; "King Charles I." for Saturday's attractive matinée, Sir Henry's wonderful double masterpiece, "Waterloo" and "The Bells," for Saturday night next! "Ye gods, what a glorious twist!"

Mr. Montague A. Holbein's courageous Channel swim is naturally still the theme of public admiration. It was a magnificent achievement, which would in all probability have been crowned with complete success had not the sea been so heavy as it unfortunately was. With regard to this point, it is only fair to Mr. Holbein to state that the small Channel snapshot published of him last week represented him in the comparatively smooth water he ploughed through a couple of years ago, when he first endeavoured to accomplish poor Captain Webb's feat.

Mr. Hall Caine informs me that he is preparing a full dramatisation of his new story, "The Eternal City," from the rough play which he copyrighted a few weeks ago, but that the piece in question cannot be produced this side of Christmas.

the Nation" and "Russia's Sea-Power." He got his "K.C.M.G." in 1893, and, if his past career affords any indication of his future, he has still greater distinctions in store.

Dieppe during the race week was exceptionally full. The Hôtel Royal had an aristocratic list of visitors, comprising, among others, the Duc de Grammont, Due de Guiche, Vicomtesse de Brigode, Comte de la Rochefoucauld, Barons Gustave, Edouard, and Robert de Rothschild, Comte de Bosigelin, Marquise de Clermont-Tonnerre, Comte and Comtesse de Noailles, Due de Galese, the Hon. Sybil Legh, Sir Philip Burne-Jones, General and Mrs. Warren, Judge Addison, and Sir Eyre M. Shaw.

Messrs. E. and E. Emanuel, of 3, The Hard, Portsea, have had the honour of supplying clocks, specially constructed by them, for the Royal apartments of His Majesty's new yacht *Victoria and Albert*, and numerous marine clocks and barometers for the corridors of the same Royal Yacht. The simple yet beautiful service of plate and cutlery for the use of their Majesties the King and Queen on the Royal Yacht is of the same character as that supplied for the use of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on H.M.S. *Ophir*, and was designed and manufactured by Elkington and Co., Limited, 22, Regent Street, London.

LONDON HIPPODROME,
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

MILITARY EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.
Open 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. ADMISSION 1s.
BIG AND QUICK-FIRING GUNS.
MILITARY EQUIPMENTS.
BRITISH AND FRENCH ARMY TYPES.
BATTLE PICTURES.
IMRE KIRALFY'S
GRAND MILITARY SPECTACLE,
CHINA.
CHINA.
ALREADY WITNESSED BY 250,000 VISITORS.
CHINA.
TWICE DAILY, at 3.30 and 8.30 p.m.
GRENADIER GUARDS AND OTHER MILITARY BANDS.
Boat Trip on the Canton River. Stereorama. Boer Farm. Chinese Soldiers' Camp. American Continuous Vaudeville Theatre. Military Living Pictures. Magic Doll.
IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.

PLUMS.—24 lb. Boxes Direct from Grower, CARRIAGE PAID.
EGG (LARGE YELLOW COOKING), 3s. 6d.; VICTORIAS (DESSERT), 4s. 6d.;
DAMSONS, 4s. 6d. F. THORNELY, EVESHAM
CASH WITH ORDER.

NORMANDY.—HOTEL DE PUYS.—One mile from Dieppe, about Five Hours from London. A Chislehurst on Sea. Trout Streams, Forests, beautiful Country Lanes. Late Home of Lord Salisbury. Sea View from all Rooms, Dining-room overlooking Sea. Electric Light. Inclusive Terms from 12s. 6d. per day. Address, Manager.

NEWQUAY, CORNWALL.—HEADLAND HOTEL.
The Largest and Most Comfortable Hotel in the West of England. Every luxury, combined with Moderate Charges. Best Position on the Cornish Coast. Ocean View from Every Window. The Golf Links Adjoin Hotel Grounds. G.W.R. Corridor Express service.

INTENDING TOURISTS TO IRELAND

Are advised to send Twelve Stamps to the Superintendent of Line, Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin, and they will receive by return the Company's Official Illustrated Guide and Tourist Programme, giving all information as to Hotels and Travel by Rail, Coach, Lake and River Steamers, and Cycles, in the South and West, including

QUEENSTOWN, CORK, GLENGARIFF, KILLARNEY,
PARKNASILLA, WATERVILLE, CARAGH LAKE,
LEININCH, KILKEE, CONNEMARA,
UPPER AND LOWER SHANNON, &c.
THROUGH BOOKINGS via DUBLIN, WATERFORD, and CORK.
TOURIST PROGRAMMES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

MIDLAND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY OF IRELAND.
CONNEMARA, GALWAY, ACHILL,
AND THE
WEST OF IRELAND.

TOURIST TICKETS ISSUED
From the Principal Stations in England and Scotland.
Supplemental Tickets for Coach Drives.
Good Roads for Cyclists. Salmon and Trout Fishing.
NEW HOTELS AT RECESS (CONNEMARA), COUNTY GALWAY, AND AT MALLARANNY, COUNTY MAYO, OWNED AND MANAGED BY THE RAILWAY COMPANY.

For the Company's Illustrated Tourist Guide (price 6d.) and all information, apply to the Irish Railways' Tourist Office, 2, Charing Cross, London (where tickets can be purchased); or to the Company's Agents, Mr. J. Hoey, 60, Castle Street, Liverpool; Mr. J. F. Ritson, 180, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; or to JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager, Broadstone Station, Dublin.

DIRECT SERVICE TO HAMBURG,
In connection with the Great Eastern Railway,
Via HARWICH,

By the General Steam Navigation Company's Fast Passenger Steamers

"PEREGRINE" and "HIRONDELLE,"

every Wednesday and Saturday.

Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m.

First Class, Single, 37s. 6d.; Return, 56s. 3d.

Second 25s. 9d.; " 38s. 9d.

Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 55, Great Tower Street, E.C., or of the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.
DONCASTER RACES, 1901.

The Summer Service of Express and other passenger trains will be maintained, and the following additional trains will be run—

	Each Race-Day.	Monday, Sept. 9.	
King's Cross ... dep.	a.m. 9*53 12*53		p.m. 3.18 6.28
Doncaster ... arr.		Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Sept. 10, 11, and 12.	
		Friday, Sept. 13.	Saturday, Sept. 14.
Doncaster ... dep.	p.m. 6*5 9*5	p.m. 4 40 8 5	a.m. 4*50 8*15
King's Cross ... arr.			1† 2

* Luncheon or Dining Cars for First and Third Class passengers are attached to these trains, and passengers who desire to travel in the Cars must take luncheon or dinner tickets at the Booking Office, King's Cross, or Station Master's Office, Doncaster, respectively.

+ Will stop at Wood Green, Alexandra Park, to set down passengers desiring to visit Alexandra Park Races.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF HORSES will leave Doncaster on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Sept. 12, 13, and 14, at 7.40 a.m. for London and the South of England; at 8.30 a.m. for Retford, Grantham, Peterborough, Hitchin, London, and the South; at 6.50 a.m. for North-Eastern Stations; and on Saturday, Sept. 14, at 10 a.m. for North-Eastern Stations.

Special Time-tables will be issued at Doncaster on "St. Leger" and Cup Days, showing times of departure of Express, Ordinary, and Special Trains from Doncaster.

For full particulars as to Fares, &c., see Bills, to be obtained at Company's Stations and Town Offices.

CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Sole Lessee, Mr. J. H. LEIGH. Sole Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. Every Evening at Eight o'clock, a New Play in Five Acts, BECKY SHARP, Adapted from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" by Robert Hichens and Cosmo Gordon Lennox. Miss Marie Tempest as Becky Sharp. Matinée Every Saturday. Box Office 10 to 5. Doors open 7.45. Sole Proprietor, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

IMPERIAL THEATRE (One minute from St. James's Park Station). Sole Lessee, MRS. LANGTRY — MR. HERBERT WARING'S SEASON. Under the direction of Mr. Mouillot. By arrangement with Mrs. Langtry. Every evening at 8.30. Matinée Wednesday at 2.30. A MAN OF HIS WORD, by Boyle Lawrence. Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 3193, Gerrard.

GREATER CENTRAL RAILWAY.
SUMMER HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS FROM MARYLEBONE STATION (near Baker Street and Edgware Road Stations), WOOLWICH, GREENWICH, &c.

IRELAND.—Cheap bookings on frequent dates. SATURDAYS, Sept. 14 and 28, for 3, 6, and 8 days, to Accrington, Blackburn, Bolton, Brackley, Bradford, Burnley, Chester, Chesterfield, Cleethorpes, Darlington, Doncaster, Durham, Filey, Gainsborough, Grimsby (Town and Docks), Halifax, Hartlepool, Huddersfield, Hull, Leicester, Liverpool, Loughborough, Manchester, Middlesbrough, Newcastle, Northallerton, Nottingham, Oldham, Preston, Rotherham, Rugby, St. Helens, Scarborough, Sheffield, Southport, South Shields, Stockport, Sunderland, Wakefield, Warrington, West Hartlepool, Whitley, Widnes, Wigton, Workington, York, and many other points in the Midlands, Lancashire, Yorkshire, &c.

EVERY SATURDAY until further notice, for 3, 8, 15, or 17 days, to Blackpool (Talbot and Central), Bridlington, Chester, Cleethorpes, Cullercoats, Douglas, Filey, Fleetwood, Grimsby (Town and Docks), Liverpool, Lytham, New Cleve, Redcar, Robin Hood's Bay, St. Annes, Saltburn, Scarborough, Southport, Tynemouth, Whitby, Whiteley Bay.

WEEK-ENDS IN THE COUNTRY.—Every Saturday (for half-day, 1, 2, or 3 days); Sundays (for 1 or 2 days).

MONDAYS and THURSDAYS, for half-day and 1 day, to Ashby Magna, Brackley, Calvert, Charwelton, Culworth, Finmere, Helmdon, Leicester, Loughborough, Lutterworth, Rugby, Whetstone, Willoughby, Woodford and Hinton.

Tickets (dated in advance), bills, and all information can be obtained at Marylebone Station, also of Messrs. Dean and Dawson, 55, Charing Cross, and at all Great Central Ticket Offices, Manchester.

WILLIAM POLLITT, General Manager.

MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW NOVELS. SIX SHILLINGS EACH.

"THE NEW GOSPEL OF CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY."

—LIVERPOOL POST.

THE ETERNAL CITY, BY HALL CAINE.

"He looked for a City which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." From several hundreds of reviews and leading articles on "The Eternal City," the following may be confidently accepted as the general verdict:

"The Eternal City is a great novel, and unquestionably Mr. Hall Caine's best."
"It is intensely interesting."
"It is pure in conception and in execution, and can do nothing but good."
"The love story is one of great beauty and power."
"The heroine, Roma, is a noble, charming, and fascinating woman, and the hero, David Rossi, an heroic and magnificent figure."
"The message of the book is clear and forcible, and may be described as 'The New Gospel of Christian Democracy.'"
"The Pope (Pius X.), who plays a great part in the story, is treated with the utmost reverence."
"The novel deals with a world theme, and will rank among the vital things in literature."

SIX-SHILLING NOVELS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER. By MAXWELL GRAY, Author of "The Last Sentence."
"The novel is one of the pleasantest and healthiest of the season."—SCOTSMAN.

LOVE AND HIS MASK. By MENIE MURIEL DOWIE.

"It is something to be more than usually thankful for to come across a book so refreshingly strong, original, thoughtful, and artistic"—ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

THE LUCK OF THE VAILS. By E. F. BENSON.

"Delightfully easy holiday reading, calculated to give a proper Christmas thrill on the hottest afternoon."—SPECTATOR.

THE INHERITORS. By JOSEPH CONRAD and F. M. HUEFFER.

"A work to be read and well weighed by the thoughtful, and of no small interest to the student of the times."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

JACK RAYMOND. By E. L. VOYNICH, Author of "The Gadfly."

"The strongest novel the season has produced!"—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

THE LAND OF COCKAYNE. By MATILDE SERAO, Author of "Fantasy."
"An elaborate and ruthless study of the gambling spirit as developed by State lotteries in modern Italy. It is a great novel."—SPECTATOR.

FOREST FOLK. By JAMES PRIOR.

"One of the very best and most original novels of the year."—SPECTATOR.

A DAUGHTER OF THE VELDT. By BASIL MARSHAN.

"Strong, clever, and striking."—MORNING POST.

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAVURES

AND

FINE ART PLATES.

H.I.M. QUEEN VICTORIA,

FROM THE GREAT PAINTING BY

BENJAMIN-CONSTANT.

Magnificent Reproductions to be seen at the Offices, 198, Strand, W.C.

Illustrated Prospectuses sent free.

Apply PHOTOGRAVURE DEPARTMENT, 198, Strand, W.C.

The Publisher will supply SPECIAL PROOFS on FINE ART PAPER of any ILLUSTRATIONS from *The Illustrated London News* at Moderate Charges.

With Press Agents, Publishers, etc., please note that our sole Agents for the sale of Electrotypes are

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY, LTD., 31, St. Bride Street, E.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King at Homburg—and Elsewhere.

His Majesty's stay at Homburg is having, as seems to be always the case, a most beneficial effect on his health and spirits. Of course, the fact that the King is in the deepest family mourning enables him to lead a much more retired existence than he is able to do as a rule. Homburg and her visitors quite realise that King Edward is really having what is to all intents and purposes a "rest cure," and the Sovereign is, therefore, treated with the greatest consideration, coming and going as he pleases, though it need hardly be said that his presence is most joyfully welcome on the golf-grounds and at the Springs.

His Majesty, thanks to his splendid motor-car, has been able to take several quite lengthy excursions; the most important of these was to Schloss Wilhelmshöhe, where the German Emperor and Empress are enjoying a brief holiday. The King travelled to Cassel by train, and, after spending the greater part of the day with his nephew and niece, he went back to Frankfort, where he dined, returning in the cool of the evening to Homburg on his motor-car.

Wilhelmshöhe the Beautiful. The name of this Palace is little known to most English-speaking folk, is one of the loveliest of German Royal residences, as may be imagined from a glance at the views I give. The beautiful gardens, which were visited in some detail by King Edward, are laid out in a more informal fashion than is generally the case in Germany, a charming feature being the stream, which at one place provides a picturesque waterfall, below which has been slung a rustic bridge.

The Kaiser and Wilhelmshöhe. When at Wilhelmshöhe, the Kaiser, his Consort, and their younger children lead a simple, pastoral life, spending much of their time in the open air, and throwing aside, as far as may be, the splendours of Royal existence. The German Emperor has inherited his mother's great love of the

country and of horticulture. Were he a less busy man, he might become a great gardener; even as it is, he has caused many improvements to be made on the estate of Wilhelmshöhe. Another feature about this country Palace worthy of mention are the fountains, originally placed there in imitation of those at Versailles, but which are in a very much better condition than those ornamenting the stately gardens laid out by Le Nôtre. On the occasion of King Edward's visit the fountains played—a very pretty sight, seen only a very few times each year.

An Imperial Deer-Stalker.

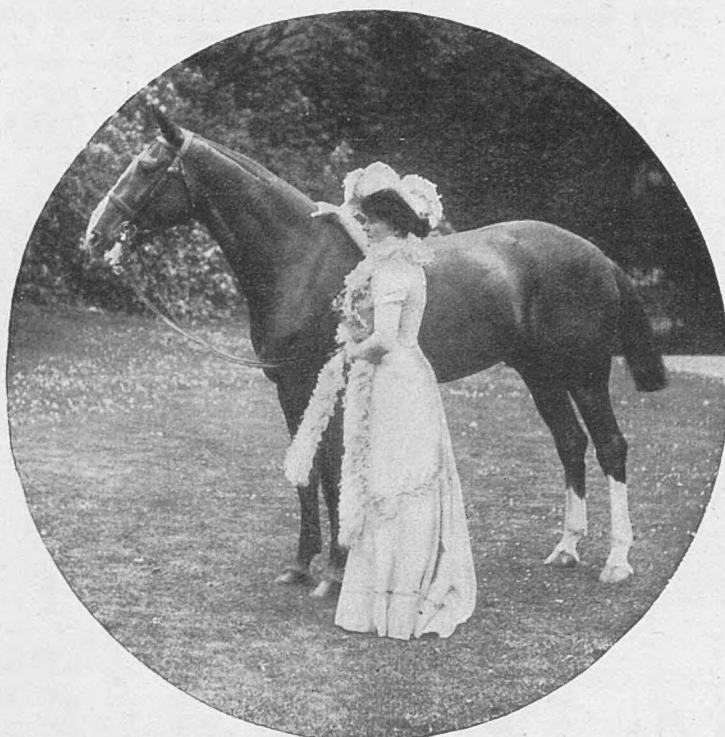
The Crown Prince of Prussia is a

very keen deer-stalker, as was his great-grandfather, Prince Albert, and he must look back with special delight to his half-day's sport in Glenartney Forest while staying at Drummond Castle, for Lord and Lady Ancaster can offer better deer-stalking to their guests than can most of their neighbours. At Dunrobin the Prince saw the greatest of Highland Chieftains and the most beautiful of British hostesses at home in their sea-girt stronghold. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland had gathered a most interesting house-party in honour of their youthful Royal guest, and the Prince seems to have struck all as particularly modest and well-informed. He came South last Wednesday, and visited the Earl of Lonsdale en route.

Weight-Reducing at Homburg.

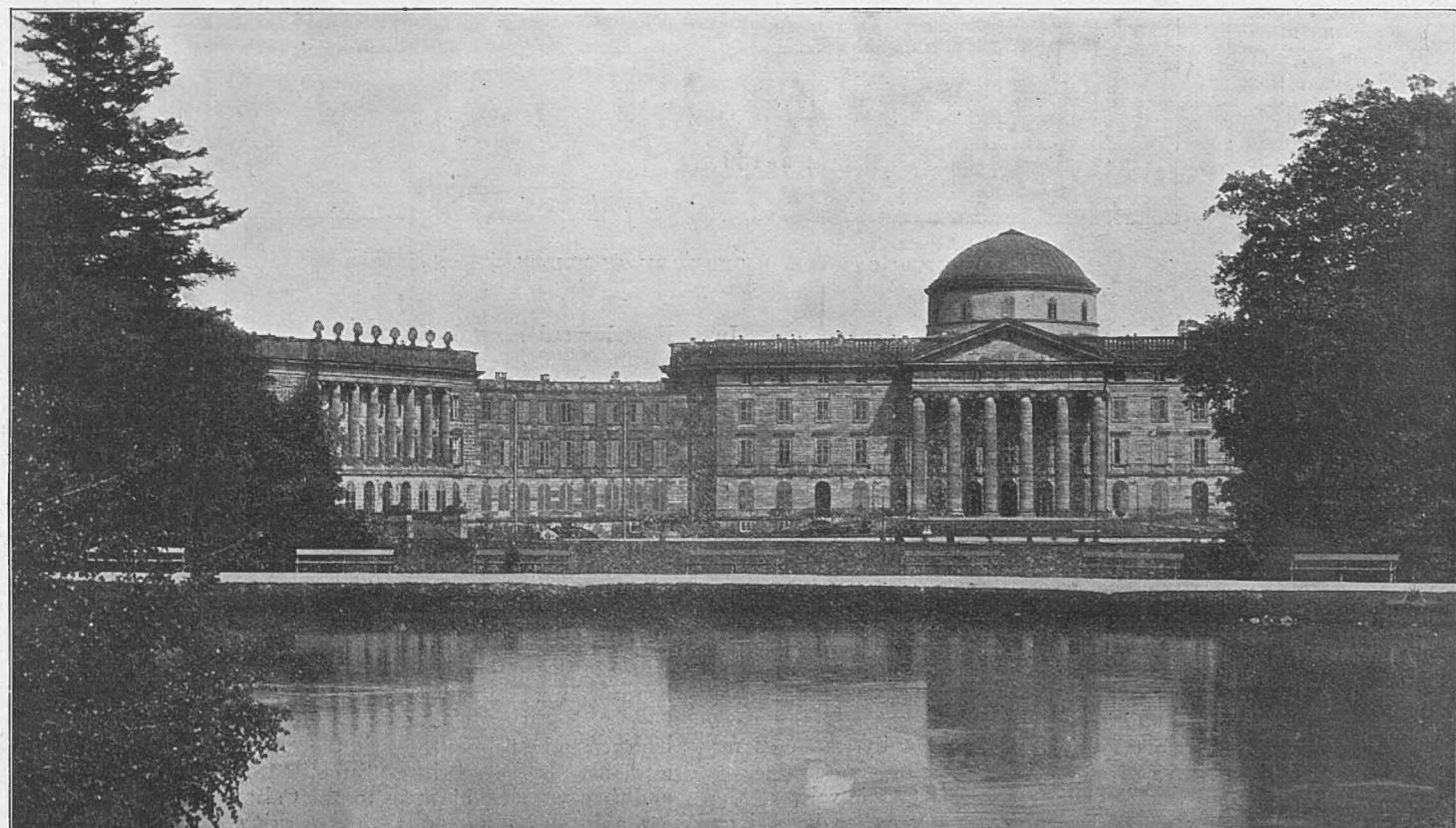
Nowadays, the divinity which doth hedge a King does not protect him from the weighing-machine.

One of my most accurate contemporaries gives some interesting details concerning our popular Sovereign's weight this time last year. When the then Prince of Wales arrived at Homburg, he turned the scales at 16 st. 11 lb.; in twelve days he had reduced his weight 5 lb., and when his "cure" was completed he weighed 16 st. 4 lb. On arriving at Homburg this year, the Sovereign weighed 17 st. 2 lb., almost exactly two stone more than does the venerable Duke of Cambridge. The Homburg waters are not specially supposed to take down one's weight, but the simple, non-farinaceous food, which is essentially a portion of



LADY WARWICK AT HOME.

Photo by Reid, Wishaw.



THE CASTLE OF WILHELMSHÖHE, WHERE THE GERMAN EMPEROR WELCOMED KING EDWARD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EUGEN KEGEL.

the "cure," has, I fancy, not a little to say to the matter, and "early to bed and early to rise" makes a man healthy, witty, and *thin*.

The Queen in Denmark. It is pleasant to think of King Edward's beloved Queen Consort in the midst of a united and happy family party. Her Majesty, together with both her

younger daughters, her father, King Christian, and most of his descendants, has begun what promises to be an extremely pleasant holiday at Fredensborg, going there from Bernstorff, where the Royal party remained on for a while in order to welcome the Empress-Dowager of Russia and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. King Edward is expected at Fredensborg within a short time, and in Denmark he is sure of a most affectionate and cordial welcome, for he is immensely popular in his Consort's native country and his kindly bonhomie makes him a notable addition to a Royal Family house-party.

The Duke of York and the Canadians. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are assured a spontaneously hearty welcome in Canada, all the more ardent by reason of the general

plaudits being swelled by the cheers of those who have recently returned from volunteer service in South Africa. Among the functions of the Duke of Cornwall and York—who, if he be created Prince of Wales this year, will bear the title in the six hundredth year from its first bestowal—will be the presentation of war-medals. One of the recipients, Colonel Turner — "Eddie" Turner, as he is familiarly called—was at the outbreak of the War a Captain in the Queen's Own Hussars, a Quebec regiment. Volunteering for service, he received a commission in the Canadian Mounted Rifles. As soon as his fiancée heard that he was going to the War, she sailed from England, and the marriage was solemnised in presence of the élite of Quebec, Colonel Turner starting at once for "the Front." The gallant Colonel, who at once became a hero with his old friends and comrades, won the Distinguished Service Order for swimming the Modder River with a Lieutenant and five men, and driving fifty Boers from their positions. Later, with a small company, he saved the guns of the Ottawa Field Artillery when almost captured by a Boer commando. In this engagement he was twice wounded. Besides handing him two medals, the Duke of Cornwall and York will pin the coveted Victoria Cross on the gallant Colonel's breast.

Coronets Galore. At least a couple of thousand coronets are, it is calculated, likely to be required for the Peers and Peeresses who will be summoned to attend the Coronation of the King and Queen next year. As, in silver-gilt, these may be put down roughly at an average of about £17 each, the cost for the head-dresses will thus be about £34,000. Were the Peers to indulge in gold coronets, the united cost would be something like £120,000 to £130,000, for a gold coronet costs from fifty to seventy-five or eighty guineas, according to the rank for which it is required, though the Duke's coronet is by no means the most expensive. The top price belongs to the head-dress of the Earl, because it not only requires the most metal, but also the most work. While silver is the metal now being universally employed for making coronets, it is a silver of special alloy and of greater fineness than that used for ordinary work. Although the intrinsic value of the silver would not amount to a couple of pounds, one Peer has decided on a copper coronet, though the amount he will save by this economy is very small indeed. It is safe to assume that he is not a married man,

for his Countess would certainly not be put off with a similar coronet. His idea obviously is that he will not require to wear it for more than one occasion—a fact which may be assumed to mean that he expects that before the next Coronation—and everyone will hope it is in the distant future—he will have gone up in rank, if not in dignity, for he is a younger man than the King, and is, by the laws of Nature, likely to outlive His Majesty.

Pearls of No Price. It is decidedly late in the day for any discussion to take place as to the mode of ornamentation of the coronets of the Peers—or rather, of the Peeresses—seeing that they have been worn for hundreds of years. That fact, however, has not prevented the raising of the question as to the nature of the so-called "pearls"—the round balls which are placed on the edge of the coronets of the Baron and Baroness, the Viscount and Viscountess, the Earl and Countess, and the Marquis and Marchioness. The word to be found in the authorities on the subject is "pearls," of which there are six on the Baron's coronet, sixteen on the Viscount's, eight on the Earl's, and four on the Marquis's. While these are by no means of the same size, it has always been the custom for them to be made of balls of metal, hollowed, in order to be as light as possible. When the question came up in connection with the King's Coronation next year, the first idea of the authorities was that pearls should be used. One of the jewellers pointed out that it was naturally impossible for pearls to be got of that size, for the simplest of all reasons—that no oyster could make them as large. Then came the question of using artificial pearls, but that has been put on one side, and now there is little doubt that the coronets will be as they have always been, with balls of metal, though whether they will be frosted or bright is a point yet to be determined.

The question, however, of the pearls on the coronets of the Peeresses is not to be settled by analogy, though it would appear to the ordinary mind that one law should govern the matter. The latest leaning of the authorities is that, since pearls cannot be obtained, the balls should be of mother-of-pearl. That the argument is illogical is nothing to the purpose. Besides, it may be pointed out that the

French word *perle* does not only mean a pearl, but also a bead. A bead on the top of the coronet would most likely be of the metal of which the coronet itself was composed. Indeed, additional force is lent to the argument by the fact that jewels of any sort are not allowed to appear on the coronets of the Peers. This is proved by the fact that the ornaments set at intervals round the coronet are, though supposed to represent jewels, not even coloured.

"*B.-P.*" on General Baden-Powell has shown a good deal of "slimness" in evading the reporter and interviewer Holiday. in his journey to Scotland. After his visit to the Elswick Works, Newcastle, the *North Mail* reporter rushed to the railway station and discovered that the light-looking man in light suit and straw-hat had taken a ticket for a station in the West of England. Next he turned up, like young Lochinvar, among the Grahams of the Netherby Clan, at Netherby Hall, on the Cumberland Borders, and, while he was believed to be fishing the Esk there, he had arrived in Edinburgh, took a promenade along Princes Street to the West-End, purchased a paper, and then retraced his steps to the Calton Hill. Here he walked about for a little while, and then, returning to the Waverley Station, left by an evening train for Aberdeen, on his way to Inverness Castle, Dufftown, Banffshire.



RUSTIC CASCADE IN THE PARK AT WILHELMSHÖHE.

Photo by Eugen Kegel.

A Pleasant Interlude—Lunch on the Moors.

From the feminine point of view, the day's sport generally means—and it is as well that it should do so—lunch on the moors. This meal is more or less a movable feast, and sometimes—of course, especially when a Royal guest forms one of the party—very elaborate

has also occasionally tempted them. From this retreat Mr. Rhodes sent a letter to the *Spectator* regarding the controversy which has raged over his £5000 subscription to the funds of the Liberal Party. The whole correspondence is on its way from South Africa which is to enlighten "C. B." and all concerned. The West Highland Railway has come to the neighbourhood since Principal Shairp wrote his fine poem, "The Moor of Rannoch," and now it is scarcely true that

O'er the dreary moor of Rannoch
Calm these hours of Sabbath shine;
But no kirk-bell here divideth
Week-day toil from rest divine.
Ages pass, but, save the tempest,
Nothing here makes toil or haste;
Busy weeks nor restful Sabbath
Visit this abandoned waste.

There is a little kirk, and kirk-bell also, at the west end of the Loch, although I have never heard that Mr. Carnegie was inside the kirk while resident at Rannoch Lodge.

The Duke of Sutherland's Highland Home.

Dunrobin Castle, most distant from London of all the ducal residences in the kingdom, has on frequent occasions been the temporary abode of Royalty, and, though the visit of last week was the first occasion on which the Crown Prince of Prussia had journeyed so far North, he was by no means ignorant regarding the features and history of the palatial Scottish home of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Robert Gordon's description of Dunrobin, in the famous manuscript copy of "The Genealogy of the Earls of Sutherland," penned well-nigh three centuries ago, holds good in some respects to-day. "A house well seated on a moor hard by the sea," reads the manuscript, "with orchards and pleasant gardens planted with all kyndes



SPORT IN SCOTLAND: STARTING FOR THE MOOR.

preparations are made, and hot dishes, often consisting of half-a-dozen different ways of preparing grouse, make their appearance as if by magic on the lonely hillside or heather-covered moor. Cold pasties, fruit-tarts, jellies, various kinds of cheese, and, if the weather is hot and the hostess be especially generous, even ices, form the etceteras of such a meal. Of course, an elaborate menu, including hot dishes, means some kind of cart provided with a hot-water apparatus or stove, a *chef* to "dish up," and footmen to serve. The keen sportsman does not care for all this paraphernalia; he prefers something far simpler and more sensible—indeed, many men are quite content with a packet of sandwiches and a flask of the "wine of the country"—that is, whisky. When the ladies of the house-party grace the lunch by their presence, an informal picnic naturally takes place, and then a typical moor menu will consist of salmon mayonnaise, game-pie, pastry, cheese, butter, oat-cakes, and black coffee, prepared beforehand and finally made hot over one of the more simple spirit-lamps. Such a lunch for a party of six to ten can be packed into a large hamper and conveyed to the scene of action on pony-back.

Mr. Rhodes as Sportsman. Excellent sport is reported from the moors, in which Colonel F. H. Rhodes, who has been entertaining his brother, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, and others at Rannoch Lodge, seems to have participated. One day, in addition to game, about 230 brace of grouse were bagged. The excellent fishing on Loch Rannoch

MISS BEATRICE GRENVILLE IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER."
Photo by Whiteley, Bayswater.

SPORT IN SCOTLAND: A HALT FOR LUNCH.

From Photographs by Miss C. M. Bacon, Spean Bridge, N.B.

of fruit, herbes, and flowers, with abundance of best saffron, tobacco, and rosemary, pears, and cherries that melted in the mouthe." In the south-east corner of the Castle are the rooms specially built for Queen Victoria, who stayed a few days at Dunrobin as the guest of the late Duke of Sutherland in the autumn of 1872. The present Duke, who succeeded his father in 1892, is the largest landowner in Great Britain, drawing the rental of over a million and a quarter acres. His Grace and the Duchess, it need hardly be remarked, are as popular and well-liked in Sutherlandshire as they are in the neighbourhood of their famous English ancestral seat at Trentham.

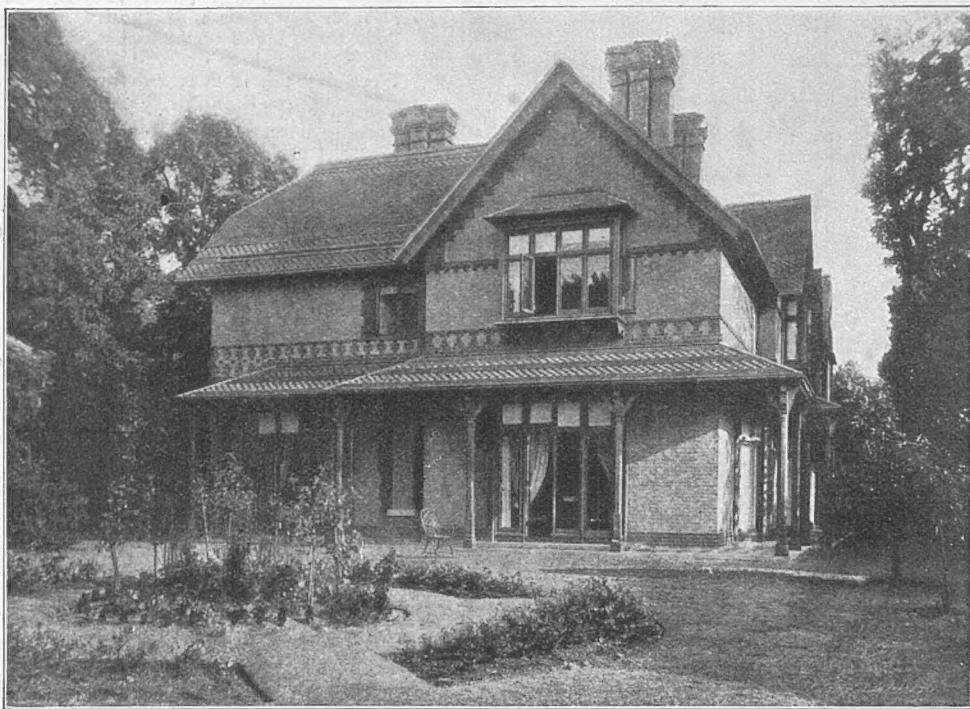
Miss Beatrice Grenville. Miss Beatrice Grenville, who is now playing the part of

Avoria in "The Silver Slipper" at the Lyric Theatre, has been an actress of small parts and a very accomplished dancer since she made a "hit" in "The Gay Parisienne." In "Florodora" she was one of the Spanish dancers, and executed a *pas seul* which was much admired.

"Are You a Mason?" is to be produced by Messrs. George Edwardes, Charles Frohman, and George Musgrave at the Shaftesbury Theatre on Sept. 12. In this piece, which does not, it is to be hoped, cast any slur upon the benevolent brotherhood of Freemasons, Mr. Paul Arthur and Mr. George Giddens will appear.

Princess Beatrice at Home.

Princess Beatrice has now quite settled down in her new home, Osborne Cottage, a charming, picturesque house, which, notwithstanding its humble name, is a most commodious and comfortable residence. Particularly pleasant and roomy is the large, old-fashioned drawing-room,



OSBORNE COTTAGE, THE PRIVATE RESIDENCE OF PRINCESS BEATRICE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

now filled with beautiful pieces of furniture and hung with various family portraits left by the late Sovereign to her beloved youngest child. There is something pathetic in the thought that Princess Henry of Battenberg should only now have a house of her own for the first time. She has always, however, been exceptionally fond of the little estate which has now become her property, and the late Sovereign was most careful to make special arrangements enabling her youngest daughter and the latter's children to spend as much of their time in the grounds of Osborne Castle as they care to do.

The Queen of the Island.

Princess Beatrice has sometimes been styled "the Queen of the Isle of Wight." As most people are aware, she holds the official position of Governor of the Wight, and Her Royal Highness is also Colonel of the Isle of Wight Volunteers. As Governor the Princess is entitled to a residence in Carisbrooke Castle, but some time ago she set aside a suite of rooms there for the purpose of founding a Battenberg Memorial Museum, which contains, in addition to some interesting mementoes of the late Governor, Prince Henry of Battenberg, a number of most valuable Stuart relics contributed by Queen Victoria. At the present time, the Princess and her children are living very quietly. Her Royal Highness's kind-heartedness was much appreciated by the convalescent soldiers from "the Front" taken by her for a sea-trip to the Needles last week.



PRINCESS BEATRICE'S DRAWING-ROOM AT OSBORNE COTTAGE.

From Photographs by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

A Popular Prince.

Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, for the young Prince, who is one of the favourite cousins of the German Emperor, has just been made by the Kaiser a Captain in the Hussars of the Imperial Bodyguard. Prince Albert has been a great deal in Homburg this year, and he is immensely popular both among the Germans and the British visitors. He stands in a peculiar position to the German Imperial family, for he is a first-cousin of both the Emperor and the Empress, as well as ultimate heir to Duke Günther of Augustenburg, the Empress's only brother.

Prince Albert is one of the very few Protestant eligible bachelors in the Royal caste; accordingly, he was one of the many Princes who were mentioned at one time as possible Prince Consort of the Netherlands. Since the tragic death in South Africa of his elder brother, he has spent much of his spare time at Cumberland Lodge, but it was early decided that he should follow a German career, and, as things have turned out, it is well that he did so.

Beauty, Philanthropist, and Humanitarian.

The Countess of Warwick (of whom I give a nice home-snapshot on another page) has many claims to distinction. She is one of the most beautiful women now living, she is a keen philanthropist, and she has long been devoted to animals. It is at Warwick Castle that the lovely Countess is seen to most advantage, and when staying there no day goes by without her paying at least one visit to her horses, who all know her voice, and, when out at grass, race to meet her at the gate of the field. Lady Warwick's



THE HALL-I-TH'-WOOD, NEAR BOLTON.

love for dumb creatures has been inherited by her children, who have quite a miniature "Zoo," with each member of which they are on familiar terms.

The Hall-i-th'-Wood.

This quaint Elizabethan structure has recently been purchased by Messrs. Lever Brothers, of Port Sunlight, and presented by them to the Borough of Bolton for use as a museum, &c. It is pleasantly situated on a plateau overlooking the beautiful valley of the Eagley, on the outskirts of Bolton. The house will ever be memorable as the spot where Samuel Crompton invented the spinning-mule, which revolutionised the process of cotton manufacture in this country.

An Imperial Will.

As was expected, the Empress Frederick has made an admirable and sensible disposition of her large private fortune. To each of her children without distinction Her late Majesty left £50,000. To her youngest daughter, Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, is bequeathed Friedrichshof. This young Princess possesses a very charming personality; she is the proud mother of six sons, including two sets of twins! Her marriage, as Princess Margaret of Prussia, took place eight years ago, and since then she has lived at Rumpenheim, not very far from Cronberg, and has thus been her mother's constant companion.

"Edna May, M.D." The million workers of the East-End send an ever-increasing throng to crowd the eight hundred beds of our largest hospital—the London Hospital in the Whitechapel Road. Yet even in this temple of suffering there is a time when the poor patients forget for a while the existence of these sad realities of life. Such a time was when Edna May came down to sing to them. A concert was arranged in the open air, and the patients who could safely be moved were carried out into the grassy quadrangle of the hospital and laid in the shade of the trees. In stretchers, bath-chairs, and perambulators they were grouped around the platform—a strange audience and one whose pathos inspired the grey-eyed vision in white to excel herself. She sang with irresistible charm. Edna May brings sunshine wherever she goes, but never has she received a greater tribute to her powers than when she sang her way into the hearts of the sick folk at the hospital, and made them forget their aches and pains for an hour. The students call her "Edna May, M.D." and it is a sobriquet of which the fair "Belle of New York" may well be proud. Her charm can deaden pain as truly as any anodyne in the pharmacopœia.

"The Lost Sheep." "Les Petites Brebis," by Louis Varney, ran more than two hundred nights at the Théâtre Cluny, Paris. It will be produced in London in the course of the autumn at

enormous bookings for the Melba Concerts at the Exhibition on the 10th and 11th inst. have induced the Music Committee to arrange with Miss Alice Joseph that Madame Melba should sing at yet another concert there on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 14.

Prince Chun. The great event of the week in Berlin (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in that city) was to have been the advent of the penitent Prince Chun. Potsdam and the inhabitants thereof had prepared for the great arrival for three days. The police had formed a mighty cordon round the Orangery Palace, where the guest was to have resided; the guards provided by the Lehrinfanterie were stationed at the railway station, and American visitors and inquisitive foreigners generally had congregated round the Sans-souci Garden entrances, camera in hand, waiting for a favourable opportunity to "snap" the lion of the day. Then came a telegram from Basle stating that the Prince was ill. The Press uttered sarcastic remarks about the same illness, expressing great incredulity as to its genuineness, and, meanwhile, Potsdam is still awaiting its visitor from China. The probable explanation of the non-arrival of Prince Chun is that difficulties had arisen at the last moment respecting the form of reception to be accorded by the Emperor. Prince Chun had expected to be received with all the pomp usually bestowed on foreign Princes,



A TOUCHING GARDEN CONCERT: "EDNA MAY, M.D.," ADMINISTERING MUSIC TO THE PATIENTS OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. E. H. HARNACK, OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

a West-End theatre, and will also be given at several suburban theatres, commencing at the Grand, Islington. M. Louis Varney is a capital composer of the popular school, and the libretto of this opera is bright and amusing.

Mrs. Lewis and Music. Mrs. Ada Lewis, the handsome widow of the celebrated financier, Mr. Sam Lewis, founded a number of scholarships at the Royal Academy of Music. Five of these will be competed for on Sept. 24. The opportunity to receive a free musical education should stimulate talented young students. I can assure them that they can obtain instruction in London unsurpassed by any Continental institution.

Madame Melba's Glasgow Concert. The paper which at the outset most prominently displayed appreciative articles and abundant illustrations of the Glasgow International Exhibition, *The Sketch* rejoices to hear of the well-deserved, colossal success of the grand show by the Kelvin. The mouths of our Paris friends will water when they learn that about Seven Millions of people have visited the Glasgow Exhibition. Mr. Hedley and his colleagues, not content with the superlatively attractive Exhibition itself, provide a constant round of first-class entertainments into the bargain. For instance, the

and then learnt that he would be met at the station, not by the Emperor himself, but only by two officers of the German Army. The German Emperor, rightly, did not see any reason for welcoming with open arms and with the effusiveness of a brother Monarch one who had come to humbly beg his pardon for a most horrible crime perpetrated by his countrymen on Germany's representative in China. In this the Emperor is fully supported by the whole German nation.

"The Good Old Copperashun." A hearty vote of thanks to the Corporation of London for the magnificent free exhibition of Spanish Pictures at the Guildhall Art Galleries, which were full when I looked in on the last day, Aug. 28. If it could be managed, I would suggest that this really grand Murillo-Velasquez-Fortuny show should be reopened to the public for another day or week at a shilling admission, the takings to be devoted to the Mansion House Poor Box. A goodly sum for charity would be realised.

Why not Marienbad? Those in doubt as to where to perform an autumn "cure" might do worse than try Marienbad. In its own way, the Hungarian watering-place is quite a rival to Homburg, and many well-known English people come back year after year, including several of our noted Society beauties.

Barnet Fair. King Henry II. of pious memory has a good many things to answer for. Among these is Barnet Fair, and, if the name of the great English King is perpetuated in no other way, the annual carnival at Barnet affords an opportunity to the jaded journalist for becoming historical, which the said journalist seldom



BARNET FAIR: THE PENNY GAFF.

misses. Threatened lives are proverbially the longest, and though Barnet Fair has often been declared to be a nuisance, and each year has been proclaimed as the last, it is still flourishing. From to-day till Friday sees the usual emigration from London to the only fair of any size now held within easy distance of the Metropolis. This remains the Londoner's most popular autumn outing, the scenes on the road often reminding one of the Epsom Road on Derby Day. The soundest advice to the would-be purchasers at Barnet Fair is—don't. Given half-a-pint of turpentine and three ounces of laudanum, and the veriest scree of a horse can be transformed into a first-class hunter, who "will jump over a 'ospital," or be a "lamb-like steed to draw the homely plough"—according to the requirements of the buyer. At the same time, those "who know" can pick up a really good bargain in horseflesh if they keep their wits about them, while there is always a brisk trade in the humble cow. The vast majority of visitors, however, care little for business. For them the merry booths are a far greater attraction, and in the Aunt Sallies, the cocoanut-shies, the roundabouts, and the swings, not to mention the grand circus, they find that happiness for which they crave. No self-respecting coster considers his day's outing complete without a modest supper at the whelk-stall of Barnet Fair.

The Glories of Bath to be Revived by Mrs. Langtry.

Mr. Meehan to Mr. Castle for the purpose, and by these means it is hoped to produce the correct atmosphere of Ye Bathie in the olden days, in so far as scene-paintings can.

A Notable American "Citizen."

Not the least interesting or notable of the numerous American visitors who are in this country just now is Lord Fairfax, the only citizen in the Western Republic who is at the same time a Peer of the British realm. Albert Kirby Fairfax, who is in his thirty-first year, is a son of the eleventh Baron Fairfax, and his maternal grandfather was Colonial Edmund Kirby, of the United States Army. The sixth Baron Fairfax, a descendant of the famous soldier of that name in the Cromwellian era, settled in the American Colonies, and became the friend and patron of George Washington. The family since then have

made their home in the land of their adoption. The present Lord Fairfax comes from Maryland, where, in the town of Northampton, he is engaged in business. The right of his family to the Barony of Fairfax has been recognised by the House of Lords, but in his own country Lord Fairfax is unknown by any title.

"*Judy.*" Light and bright as a rule, *Judy* occasionally

strikes a grave note. "From grave to gay, from lively to severe," seems to be the motto of the wide-awake Editor, Mr. Ed. de Marney, who produced an exceptionally good Number of *Judy* last week. A novel in a nutshell, indeed, will be found in Mr. Frank Reynolds's powerful social cartoon, "A Penny for Your Thoughts," in which an original idea of Mr. de Marney's is capitally carried out by the artist.

Lord Milner's New Private Secretary. Mr. John Buchan, who sails this month for South Africa to fill the post of Political Private Secretary to Lord Milner, has had a very distinguished career at Oxford, and is well known as a novelist and journalist with a sure literary touch. The son of the Rev. John Buchan, of the Knox United Free Church, Glasgow, he was born at Perth in 1875, and educated at Glasgow University and Brasenose College, Oxford, of which he was a Scholar (1895). There he took honours in Classics and the Stanhope Historical Essay, and won the Newdigate Prize



MISS MINNIE BAKER, ONE OF THE PRETTY GAIETY GIRLS
IN "THE TOREADOR."

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

in 1898. He was President of the Union in 1899. This year he was called to the Bar, Middle Temple. As a story-teller he broke ground with "Sir Quixote" in 1895, after which came "John Burnet of Barns" and "A Lost Lady of Old Years," a Jacobite story which followed the fortunes of Lord Lovat and Secretary Murray, also, and more particularly, Mrs. Murray of Broughton. Another story, "The Half-Hearted," followed in 1900.

Head Constable at Thirty. Inspector Martin Nicholls, of the Reading Police, has just been appointed Head Constable of Windsor.

Some forty candidates applied for the post, but Inspector Nicholls' qualifications and testimonials were so good that he was finally selected by the Watch Committee. Though the police of the Royal Borough are not very strong in numbers, in view of the Coronation their duties will be particularly onerous in the near future. Inspector Nicholls is a fortunate man, for he has been a member of the Force only a little over ten years. He is a splendid athlete and swimmer, and a year or two ago was awarded the Royal Humane Society's certificate for saving life. At water-polo he is particularly good, and, besides being Champion Swimmer of Reading for 1892 and 1893, he was recently made a Life Member of that growing town's Swimming Club and has won some two score prizes for his aquatic feats. Who will now say that "a policeman's life is not a happy one"?



BARNET FAIR: THE ROUNDABOUTS.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Art Treasures.

Millionaires are looking up. Whilst Mr. Carnegie has capped all his former generous gifts to the public by the magnificent contribution of two millions to the Scottish Universities, to provide for the education of poor students, Mr. Pierpont Morgan has made art-lovers his debtors by exhibiting free his splendid collection of gems and curios at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. Beautiful china and bronzes, carved ivory and silver-work, and lustrous jewels are shown in tempting array, and among the exquisite Limoges enamels will be found the figure of which a rough sketch is given.

The Countess Greffulhe.

The Countess Greffulhe, whom Mr. Balfour entertained at dinner at Westminster the other day, is one of England's French guests at this moment. She is one of the most celebrated beauties in French Society (my Paris Correspondent assures me). Very original, very spiritual, she adds to her other graces a rare talent for conversation. She comes of all this legitimately; she is the daughter and the sister of the Belgian diplomatists, the Dukes of Caraman-Chimay, and the women of this family for generations back have inherited a large part of the talent. They count among their number the famous Madame Tallien. Count Greffulhe is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, sitting as a Conservative rallied to the Republic. He is a fine horseman, a gay companion, very simple, very courteous. Possessed of a large fortune, he occupies himself with agriculture and with works of benevolence. Madame Greffulhe is a renowned Amazon, and the hunting property of the Greffulhes is one of the vastest and most beautiful in France. It comprises the Forest of Bois-Boudron, in the Department of Seine-et-Oise, to which is added the Forest of Villefermoy, a wood of eight thousand acres, rented from the State.

The Czar's Visit. When, four years ago, the Czar visited Paris, over twelve hundred foreigners against whom there was the slightest suspicion were flung into prison and released directly His Majesty had left France. For the present visit even more drastic measures are being taken, and it is a bad day's work for any foreigner who is beguiled by an apparently disinterested acquaintance in café or restaurant into conversation on Russian politics. The Czar will, I believe, have a chance of understanding exactly what the "American invasion" means. I have it from good authority that, directly his visit was even semi-officially known, an enterprising Yankee tourist-agent rushed off to Compiègne, and, before the good folk of the town could understand his desire to secure all hotel and lodging-house accommodation, had paid money down and secured his contracts, placing the whole town in his command. I don't know what the authorities will do to get the historic house into order, but when I was at Compiègne, last week, it seemed to me shockingly stuffy (adds my Paris representative). The French upholsterers are by no means content with the decision of the Czar to replace the historic bed of Napoleon III. by an English brass bedstead and to remove every trace of curtains. It is a distinct boom for English firms.

"Les Cloches de Corneville." I was tempted and I fell. A kindly invitation from a member of the Automobile Club induced me to go from La Place de la Concorde to Corneville for the open-air performance of "Les Cloches de Corneville" on Aug. 25. It was a run of two hundred kilomètres, but that seems a mere spin to the French chauffeur. That automobile seemed to regard me as a sort of Jonah, for whenever it jumped, cursed, and yelled, it reserved that attention for the part of its mechanism just under my seat. Somehow we got there—I don't know how, particularly as I had the best part of the road, in the form of dust, either in my clothes, eyes, or down my throat. For the moment, Corneville is a fraud, a dead fraud, and a delusion. To begin with, there are no bells, and nobody can remember when there were any. Certainly these festivals are intended to replace the steeple and the bells, and that is something. But, supposing the bells are put back, where is the Castle? The average inhabitant treated us as lunatics when we asked for the famous home of the wicked Gaspard. "Yes," said a very old man, "there were bells once, but they were rung only when some married lady—ah, ah, ah!" and he left us to fill in the rest. As to the dainty costumes of Normandy, rendered so famous by Planquette, they exist no longer, and everything bore the brand of a village to whom the American tourist was familiar.



SKETCH OF THE LIMOGES ENAMEL PLAQUE BY LEONARD LIMOUSIN.

From Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

A City without Gardens.

Positive consternation prevails in all circles in Paris at the decision of the Municipal Council to tax all land that is not built upon. In regard to building-land, this, from a fiscal point of view, was admissible; but it is now discovered that it applies equally to gardens, and that owners of these beauty-spots have either to make a huge sacrifice or do as the Rothschilds did in the Rue Lafayette, and sell for building purposes. In their anxiety to find means to make up the colossal deficit in the Budget, the Municipal Council would even tax the grounds of the private hospitals. This would be a terrible blow to the Hertford Hospital for the English, founded by Sir Richard Wallace, which boasts one of the finest parks in Paris.

The World at the Play. In the coming season (apart from Sada Yacco in her dramas) Paris will have the dances of Turkey and Egypt in two halls, those of Spain and Italy in three music-halls, pure Italian Opera at the Nouveau, Austrian and German companies at the Gymnase, English plays in the Latin Quarter, an American play at the Vaudeville, and, it goes without saying, a good deal from Norway and Sweden. Russia does not contribute, but—in the way of friendly revenge—pays the highest salaries of any country to the "stars" of the theatre or music-hall who invade the dominions of Nicholas II.

Sada Yacco and La Loïe. It is pretty safe to predict for Sada Yacco and Loïe Fuller revenge for the little success they had until the closing months of the Exhibition in the Rue de Paris. In the Athénée, which is one of the prettiest theatres in

Lutetia, they will be in the very heart of the fashionable world they appeal to. I always admired the courage of La Loïe in struggling on in that trying time, when the voice of Sada Yacco was drowned by the sound of banging drums and blowing horns at adjacent booths. But the plucky little lady was determined, and when it was too late the Parisians found that they had missed the most artistic novelty in the Fair.

The Apotheosis of Saint-Saëns. All the noise being made round the name of Saint-Saëns means something (continues *The Sketch's* Paris Correspondent), and it would be a mistake not to pay attention to the event at Béziers. Saint-Saëns approaches the triumphal moment of his career, and the year will not be finished before he is carried in triumph at Paris. It is the composer's revenge. For Saint-Saëns has had to win popularity from his countrymen under protest. They admitted in theory his merit, and made him a member of all the Academies there are; but they would have nothing to do with his operas. His first important operatic work, "Samson et Dalila,"

was presented to the public in Germany, and was never played at the Paris Opera until 1892, and the Emperor William, who decorated him the other day, considers Saint-Saëns, with reason, a German protégé. All his other operas were first played outside of Paris, and only one or two have ever seen the Paris boards. It was not till 1893 that the Opera consented to bring out a work of the composer, the "Phryne"—in which Sybil Sanderson won her first success—and that the Paris public was definitively won.

Le Père Rousset. I was one of the first to congratulate M. Rousset when he returned, hale and hearty, from his huge twelve-hundred-kilomètre ride from Paris to Brest and back. He had decided to take six days for the task, and he did it; but he said to me, "I am positively getting younger. I could easily have done the journey in four days, in spite of my sixty-six years, if only the good folk had let me alone; but they stopped my machine, feasted and fêted me all the time. If you want to live a happy old age," said the *doyen* of cyclists, "buy a bicycle." Now, every *Sketch* reader knows the secret.

The Holborn-Strand Thoroughfare.

A correspondent writes: "I hear that there is some idea of calling the new thoroughfare from Holborn to the Strand 'King Edward's Avenue.' On the other hand, there are advocates for calling the street 'Coronation Road.' Personally, I think that the first is the better title, but a practical man has pointed out that in this event the Post Office would make three words of the name in telegraphic messages. Mr. Henniker-Heaton might interest himself in the question. It seems a pity that a good title should be lost for the sake of a halfpenny word."

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S KITH AND KIN.

SINCE the arrival of the "Viking's daughter from over the sea," Denmark and all things Danish have become dear to the British people; and Her Majesty's faithful love to her own kith and kin has found a responsive echo in this country, where Queen Alexandra's father is almost as popular as in his own country.

KING CHRISTIAN,

notwithstanding his great age—he was eighty-three last April—can still claim to be one of the handsomest of European Sovereigns; indeed, his only rival in this respect is his own son, King George of Greece. He is touchingly devoted to his three beautiful daughters, and never happier than when he sees them gathered together under

HIS ROOF-TREE AT FREDERIKSBORG.

Fredensborg, where King Christian and his children are now gathered together, was dubbed by the late Czar "our holiday Palace." It is a fine, roomy old Castle, more like a French château than what we understand by the term "Palace." Fredensborg has also been nicknamed

"THE BALMORAL OF DENMARK,"

for it is situated a considerable distance from Copenhagen, and when there the Danish Royal Family lead a free, untrammelled life, spending much of their time in the lovely gardens and splendid woods which girdle the Palace. Close to the Castle is the Normansdal, a quaint and, indeed, unique amphitheatre, round which are arranged sixty-five statues

bachelor Princes, and the youthful Queen of Holland, who was Princess Christian's most intimate girl-friend. Fate decreed otherwise, and Prince Harald is still fancy-free. Queen Alexandra is specially fond of this good-looking nephew, and a charming photograph of him, similar to that reproduced on the opposite page, is in Her Majesty's boudoir at Sandringham. Prince Harald is on the eve of his twenty-fifth birthday; he is to attend the Coronation, and will probably pay a long visit to this country before that ceremony takes place, for his cousin-sister-in-law, King Edward's youngest daughter, is much attached to him and would delight to welcome him to her Norfolk home.

THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.

King Christian delights in the company of young people, and he is always devising pleasant holiday amusements for the more youthful of his descendants. These now include the two youngest children of the Crown Prince—Prince Gustavus, who is fourteen, and Princess Dagmar, who is two years younger; the four fine little sons of Prince Waldemar and their six-year-old sister, Princess Marguerite; and the younger children of the Duchess of Cumberland. The group of cousins now at Fredensborg play at croquet and lawn-tennis with great vigour and energy, and, when they can find a good-natured elder to accompany them, enjoy boating-parties on the fine lake which is one of the principal attractions of the Royal estate.

WHEN KING EDWARD ARRIVES.

When the King becomes the guest of his father-in-law, pursch-hunting parties will be organised in his honour. Pursch-hunting is a



FREDERIKSBORG, WHERE KING CHRISTIAN AND HIS CHILDREN ARE GATHERED TOGETHER.

of national types—that is, images of Scandinavian peasants in their peculiar costumes.

THE CROWN PRINCE AND "THE SWEDISH ROSE."

Queen Alexandra's eldest brother is a most genial and contented Heir-Apparent. He is now, from an administrative point of view, King of the country over which he will one day reign, but he is on such excellent terms with his venerable father that he is quite content to efface himself, and in the Crown Princess, the only child of the late King of Sweden, and one of the wealthiest of modern Princesses, he has found an ideal wife. "The Swedish Rose," as the girl-bride was soon dubbed in her adopted country, has now blossomed into the happiest of Royal matrons. She is the mother of eight children, and bids fair to become—as was Queen Louise of Denmark—the mother-in-law of all Europe; for her two elder sons and her elder daughters are married each to a Royal personage belonging to a different European Court.

FOUR GENERATIONS.

The Crown Prince's eldest son and heir, Prince Christian, married three years ago Princess Alexandrina of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a niece of Prince Henry of the Netherlands. The young couple inhabit the lovely old Castle Sorgenfri, noted for its rose-gardens. The Prince and Princess are now the proud parents of a son and daughter, and thus King Christian sees his Throne provided with three occupants—his son, his son's son, and the latter's infant heir.

PRINCE HARALD OF DENMARK.

The Crown Princess and her eldest son's wife are on very happy terms together, and it was at one time whispered that they hoped to arrange a marriage between Prince Harald of Denmark, the handsomest of

quaint form of sport first enjoyed by our Sovereign when he, as a young bridegroom, visited Denmark. It consists of shooting at the flying game from a carriage or light cart. The forests round Fredensborg swarm with deer, and so are admirably adapted for pursch-hunting—which, by the way, takes place at night or just as dawn is breaking.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S SUITE OF ROOMS.

Queen Alexandra's rooms overlook the beautiful gardens in which her mother took such delight. The sitting-room, panelled in walnut-wood, contains some priceless gold ornaments. Close by is the Chinese Room, not unlike that bearing the same name in Buckingham Palace. A glance at the apartment once occupied by the late Emperor of Russia is full of pathetic interest. Not a thing has been altered in the simply furnished study where the mighty autocrat spent so many hours of his brief holiday-time. The furniture was all bought by himself in the little villages which touch on the Royal domain, and is, of course, in curious contrast to the beautiful things to be found in the other portions of the Palace.

AMID REGAL SURROUNDINGS.

When such guests as Edward VII. are being entertained, the King of Denmark and his family dine each evening in the truly superb "Kuppel Sal," situated in the middle of the Castle, and of immense height, the cupola being reflected in the marble floor, while the walls are covered with frescoes showing episodes of the Trojan Wars as sung by Homer.

When the aged Sovereign and his children, children-in-law, and grown-up descendants are all gathered round his board in this gorgeous hall, nothing can exceed the splendour of the effect produced, and it is to be hoped that some day a painter with an imagination and technique worthy of executing such a painting will transfer the glowing scene to canvas.

THE QUEEN'S FOLK AT HOME.



KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.

Photo by Carl Sonne, Copenhagen.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Photo by Hansen and Weller, Copenhagen.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK AND FAMILY.

Photo by Carl Sonne, Copenhagen.

PRINCE HARALD OF DENMARK.

Photo by Carl Sonne, Copenhagen.

THE SOCIAL JESTER



HOW I SOUGHT SOLITUDE—AND FOUND IT.

A TRAGEDY OF THE CORNISH COAST.

FOR NEW READERS.—*You're a bit late, but you know the proverb, and here's the synopsis. Chippers and I decide to spend a fortnight in a lonely farmhouse on the North Cornish coast. Up to the end of Chapter III. we have been there some thirty-six hours and had an uncommonly poor time. You can now breast the tape with constant and occasional readers all the world over.*

CHAPTER IV.—I BECOME DESPERATE

WHILST we were on our way home, the sun came out.

"Hello," said Chippers, "the sun's shining!"

"So it is!" said I.

"I shall take the net out," said he.

"I wouldn't," I urged. "It's rather dull work."

"No fear!" said Chippers. "Besides, I've come all this way on purpose to get some Painted Ladies, and this is the first chance I've had."

"But what am I to do?" I asked.

"Oh, you come with me!" said Chippers.

"What, and see you flick at flies with a piece of green gauze? Not much!"

"All right!" he replied, cheerfully. "I'm quite happy alone. I'm used to it."

"I'm not surprised," I told him, rather rudely.

After breakfast, the sun got quite hot, and Chippers went off with his face wreathed in smiles, a net over his shoulder, and a killing-bottle in his pocket. Left alone, I determined to have an ideally idle day. I started off, therefore, by moving one of the heavy horsehair arm-chairs out of the sitting-room into the front-garden. It was heavy, but I managed it at last, and sat down, with a sigh of contentment, to smoke a pipe.

Two minutes later the landlady appeared.

"I can't have that chair out there," she said. "It was left to me by my mother."

"Very likely she won't know," I replied, soothingly.

"Never mind about that," said the woman. "I'll trouble you to put it back where you got it from."

"But I'm not hurting it," I protested.

"The sun is," said the landlady. "I was brought up in the country."

"Well, you can't help that," said I, more for the sake of keeping the conversation going than because I saw the meaning of her remark. However, she explained herself at once.

"Help it!" she bristled. "Thank goodness, we're respectable folk in these parts! I was a fool ever to let my rooms."

It occurred to me that we were fools for having taken them, but, for certain reasons of my own, I didn't say so. I just got up, patted the dog, and laboriously carried the chair back into the house.

It was then half-past eleven. The postman, who arrived daily on horseback in the most imposing way, was due about twelve, and, as I expected some books and papers from London—

for which, by means of the same postman, I had wired the day after our arrival—I thought I would go and meet him.

I found the fellow collecting, out of a wooden box up the road which did duty for a post-office, some letters I had posted there the day before. We had to post letters in this box in the evening to save his calling twice in one day at the farm.

"Good-morning!" I called out cheerily. "Got anything for me?"

"No," said the postman.



"Did you send my wire?"

"Yes."

"And when ought I to get an answer from London?"

"Maybe the day arter to-morrow."

"Good Lord!" said I.

"Good-morning," said the postman. And he trotted on.

With a feeling of despair in my heart, I wandered back to the confounded farm and threw myself into the horsehair chair with a groan. I had nothing to read, no one to speak to. Even Chippers had deserted me.

Suddenly, a bright idea occurred to me. I would get on my bicycle and ride into Bude, the nearest town. I had had enough of solitude.

In ten minutes I was off, and, the faster I fled from that accursed spot, the higher my spirits rose. As I rode, I thought of the glorious time I would have at Bude. Probably, I told myself, it was very much like Brighton. There would be a pier, a promenade, a band, and, very likely, a theatre.

When I got into the town I met a small boy.

"Hallo, my lad!" said I, throwing him sixpence in my exuberance, "where's the promenade?"

"Where's what?" said the boy.

"The pier and the band and the theatre and the sands and the people and all the glories of civilisation. Where are they? I'm in a hurry."

"Mother says I ain't to talk to strange folk," said the boy, and he went off with my sixpence.

I rode on. Presently I turned into what I afterwards learnt was the main street. In the middle of the road, a man was sitting on a barrel. The only other creature in sight was a hen.

I rode up to the man. "Where's Bude?" said I.

"This be ut," said he.

"All of it?"

"Ah."

"Where's the sea?" I asked, a leaden feeling at my heart.

"Round the corner," said he.

I went round the corner. A more solitary view I never beheld. In the background was the sea; in the foreground, a sweep of moorland. In the far distance, a man in a red coat was wandering to and fro, waving a stick. I suppose he was playing golf. (By the way, this was three years ago. Bude is like Brighton now.)

With a white, hard face, I got on my bicycle and rode away. As I was leaving the town, I passed the railway station. Thinking that I might be able to get a paper, I dismounted and went into the station. A train, apparently about to start, was drawn up at the platform. There were no passengers in it, but a porter was putting some milk-cans into a van.

"Where's this train going?" said I to the porter.

"London, sir," said the porter.

I gazed at it longingly. Then I hurried into the booking-office.

"Single to London," I whispered.

It was just three days afterwards that I met Chippers in the Club. He had his arm in a sling.

"Hallo!" said I, "got back?"

"Looks like it," he replied, surly.

"What's the matter with the arm?" I asked.

"That dashed dog," he replied, without looking up.

"Well?"

"I was chasing a Painted Lady through the farm-yard, when the brute leapt out of the cow-shed suddenly and seized me by the arm. That finished it. I paid the bill—just—and left the same day."

"Poor old man!" said I. Then, when we had settled up, I asked him where he was going for the rest of his holiday.

"I thought of Bournemouth," said he.

"I'm a bit run down."

"And I'm a bit hipped," said I.

"I shall stay in London."

[THE END.]

Chicot



HEALTHY HOMBURG HAUNTS VISITED BY KING EDWARD.

From Photographs by T. H. Voigt, Homburg-vor-der-Höhe.

THE GOLF CLUB.



THE LAWN - TENNIS GROUND.

(See "The Sketch" Small Talk.)

"THE GLORIOUS FIRST."

*A SPORTSMAN'S LETTER.**Emerdale, Monday Night, Sept. 2, 1901.*

DEAR HARRY,—I thought you would be glad to hear how we got on, so I have refused to yield to the temptations of drawing-room or billiard-room, and am in sole possession of the library. It has been a glorious day, and we were out very soon after nine o'clock. You know, the Pater won't have the place driven at any time of the year, says his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather found dogs good enough to shoot over, and he will do the same. So we have to work hard just now and make good bags before the birds get too wild for "dogging." We had six guns, after all, for when we had your wire, explaining why you couldn't possibly leave the Temple, Dolly asked the Pater to let her take your place. He asked Williams if he thought five guns wouldn't be enough for the fields, but Dolly had been before him, and the old man said that the Home Farm wanted six guns to save double beats. That did the business, and, as Dolly got eight brace to her own little twenty-eight bore up to 1.15 p.m., she earned her privilege.

It was awfully fine; I wish you'd been with us. We were all up long before the breakfast-bell sounded; there was heaps to do, and we fixed lunch up at the Heron Wood and arranged for the rest of the party to meet us there. The air was so fresh, the morning was so bright, and Williams had seen so many big coveys on his rounds in the past fortnight that we all felt we were in for some good sport. The Pater has had thirty acres of clover kept uncut on the Home Farm, and there must be nearly a hundred acres of potatoes, without counting the other root-crops. There was a slight breeze blowing, just enough to keep one fairly cool and give a wind to walk against. You know the guns—the Pater and Dolly, old Senfield (the Pater's co-Director on the Board of the Insurance Company), Sir Edward Lake (who has let his own shootings at High Hill), Captain Fisher, and yours always.

I don't think we had been in line across the first field three minutes before two coveys got up, and the Pater, who was on my right, got both the leaders of his—jolly good when you remember he is sixty years old. He was very pleased, I could see. We got six birds from the two lots, and marked the others down, but we didn't reach them all. First, a big hare came along; it got up from its form right in front of Dolly, but she wouldn't fire. She can't shoot hares, she says, so Captain Fisher bagged him for her—a very clever snapshot, for the clover was thick where he fired. At the far end, an old cock-pheasant got up and made for the wood past Senfield, who never hesitated to let fly both barrels. To make matters worse, he hit with the second one. Nobody spoke a word; there was quite an awkward moment, but the old man said, "Ah, I'm getting my eye in again!" just as if he'd done something clever. When the Pater passed me, he whispered, "You get next to him, and look out—we may put a fox up!"

The birds are in very good condition this year, and they'll be awfully wild in a week or two. Weather must have suited them, and, as you know, Williams is very keen on shooting stoats, weasels, jays, magpies, hawks, carrion-crows—everything, in fact, that can do the birds harm when they're nesting. If it weren't for the fox-cover, I'm sure we'd have the best birds in the shire.

Seeing it was the first day of the season, we all shot fairly well, excepting old Senfield, who, I think, shuts his eyes when he throws his gun forward. I saw him fire point-blank into several coveys, and, indeed, he seldom stopped to select his bird. Dolly got some pretty shots, and stood the potato-fields wonderfully well, seeing they were not made to be walked over by girls, even in a cycling-skirt. We didn't hurry, and I can't remember when a day was more enjoyable, for we had excellent sport, splendid air and scenery, the dogs worked well, and the shooting was straight enough to make a bag of forty-two brace of partridges, three brace landrail, one and a-half brace wild pigeon, and several hares and rabbits by the time we got to the Heron Wood and found lunch served in the shade by the side of the spring. We rested longer than we should have done, because the girls were with us—they all came down from the house.

Dolly said she'd had enough after lunch and went home. Senfield made a few excuses about very important letters and went off too; Dolly says he slept all the afternoon in the conservatory, and said, when tea-time came, that the scent of the flowers overcame him. The four of us left worked round the outlying fields, so as to get the birds back to the centre of the land, and we got another twenty-eight brace, letting all the "squeakers" go, though, to tell the truth, there were not very many of them. We got home fairly fagged-out. We must have covered many miles of rough ground.

One or two men came in to dinner, and I hear sport has been good all over the district. I must stop now and turn in, for we shall do the Grange Farm to-morrow, and Williams says we shall have another good day. I wish you were with us; so does Dolly, who sends greeting.—Yours,

EDWARD.

A ROMANCE, AND A MODERN IZAAK WALTON.

"SIR HECTOR."

AVIVID story of the days of the Pretender is Mr. Robert Machray's "Sir Hector," published by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., Limited. It has the supreme merit, the value of which cannot be overestimated in fiction—whether presented panoramically on the stage or to appeal to the senses through the medium of the eye in the study—of increasing in interest towards the end. The hero's ride to Derby, through the night and through a country infested with the adherents of the Pretender, to reach his headquarters hurries the reader along at fever-heat, until, almost breathlessly, he comes with Sir Hector into the presence of the Pretender himself, and learns of the intention of the Generals to withdraw from the city instead of marching on to London.

There King George was shaking in his shooes, like the rest of his subjects, but, unlike them, had made preparations for escaping from the Capital should the Scottish force present itself at the gates. The knowledge of that retreat made the fortune of Sir Hector and won him his bride, through his speculations on the Stock Exchange on that memorable day which has lived in history as "Black Friday," when stocks went down by the run and fortunes were made and lost in an hour.

It is, however, not only a novel of action,

but a story which exhibits the author's skill in characterisation. Perhaps, of the various subordinate personages the most characteristic is the hero's faithful servant, who speaks not in parables, but in proverbs, and Scotch proverbs at that, having one pat whenever occasion demands.

"AN OLD MAN'S HOLIDAYS."

Although published with no other hint of its authorship than the signature of "The Amateur Angler," there is really no great secret regarding the identity of the writer. He is one of those to whom book-lovers are indebted for many valuable books, and is himself the author of several volumes with which the reading public is familiar. His name is—but no, let it suffice that he is a partner in one of the most famous publishing firms of London, and his identity is revealed in one of the pretty illustrations placed at the beginning of the book, as he stands fishing from the old bridge over the River Itchen. To young folk of a healthy habit of mind there is no companion more entertaining than one who is, as the author says of himself, "no longer young." Such a one always has a fund of reminiscences and anecdote on which to draw, as well as experiences of men and things to relate, and in these respects "The Amateur Angler" is in the forefront of the risen generation. Add to this a delicate perception of Nature and the ability to write entertainingly on these and other matters, and it becomes apparent that "The Amateur Angler" is a charming companion whose presence in the guise of his book will be welcomed by other anglers and by holiday-makers in general who are really holiday-making in the autumn, and are, therefore, not in a hurry. One and all, they may be recommended to slip this tastefully got-up little book (published by Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., Fetter Lane, E.C.) into a convenient pocket when they go out to enjoy their favourite pastime.



KEEPERS CLEANING THE GUNS WHILE THE PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING PARTY ARE AT LUNCHEON.



PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING - DIANA IN THE TURNIPS: ANOTHER BRACE.

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT AS PHYLLIS ERICSON IN "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE."

From Photographs by Morrison, Chicago.



"QUEEN OF AMERICAN BRUNETTE BEAUTY."



"SUCCESSES NEVER NEED RE-CHRISTENING."



"ROMANTIC LOVE-MAKING."



"MISS ELLIOTT'S CHARMING WOMANLINESS."

"The part of Phyllis Ericson is the most prominent jewel in the crown of success which deservedly graces Mr. H. V. Esmond's new comedy, 'When We were Twenty-One.'"—From "The Sketch" Interview on page 287.

"WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE," MR. H. V. ESMOND'S NEW PLAY AT THE COMEDY.

From Photographs by Byron, New York.



ACT I.—PHYLLIS IN DICK'S ROOM.



Mr. Nat Goodwin.

ACT III.—THE ATHENIAN CLUB SCENE.

(See Interview with Miss Maxine Elliott, Page 287.)



MISS FLORENCE COLLINGBOURNE,

WHO HAS RETURNED TO HER FORMER LOVE, POPULAR "SAN TOY," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, HAKER STREET, W.



A MODERN EVE.



SEASIDE IMP'S.

(1) Dear Phæbe,—Of course, our first idea when we arrived was to bathe. You should have seen me; I was so brave—just like that Frenchman we saw at Trouville last year, you remember. (2) Then we went fishing. It was glorious; we all enjoyed it so much, especially mother. (3) After that, we made sand castles, and they buried me alive. Oh, it was ripping fun! (4) And, Phæbe, just fancy, in the evening I went on to the Parade to mash the girls. Oh, I was greatly in request, I can assure you, and didn't go to bed till ten o'clock. I've never had such a happy time in all my life, and shall be very sorry to come home. (5) But this is what really happened.



THE NEW CENTURY GIRL.



PHYLLIS—AFTER DUDLEY HARDY



MISS CLAIRE ROMAINE,

WHOSE CHIC SONG OF "MAUD" IS ONE OF THE HITS IN "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOGRAPHIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

The "Silly Season" Altercation—Insanity and its Cure—"Is England Doomed?"—Secrets of the Press—Artificial Heat—The Press and How to Corrupt It—"Are Broken Legs Hereditary?"—"Should One Fall in Love with a Pretty Girl?"

I NEED not defend the national vice of "Silly Season" Discussion, to which the English people abandons itself as at this time with a reckless loss of self-control. It is our duty to write letters on all occasions—our duty to the Revenue, for the Post Office is a most important source of income to the nation. Again, an eminent medical man has lately discovered that writing letters to the papers relieves the nervous system and is a preventive against hysteria, epileptic fits, and insanity. It thus corresponds to the blood-letting practised by our ancestors about this season for the cure of the humours, the megrims, and other distressing ailments.

Occasionally the correspondent gives the impression of not having taken the incipient insanity in time; his letters indicate that the lunacy has been allowed to make some headway. One cannot read a "Silly Season" newspaper controversy without having renewed proof of the axiom that a wise man can ask questions which a fool cannot answer. At the same time, there is something cheering and stimulating in this demoralising weather in debating such propositions as, "Is Great Britain Doomed?" "Are We on the Verge of Starvation?" "Is Consumption Hopeless?" "Is England Settling Under Water?"

Even amusing subjects like these will sometimes fail to extort letters from a panting public. The discussion is then kept alive by artificial respiration by the staff of the paper. A period of *noms-de-guerre* sets in. Supposing an inquiry into the problem, "Are Broken Legs Hereditary?" the Assistant-Editor, under the name of "Violet," states that "her" grandfather, father, and brother (who were all acrobats) each broke their legs at the age of twenty-five, and, with a passing compliment to the integrity, literary style, and wide circulation of the paper, asks for an explanation. The Football Expert at the office waits until he would have had time to read the letter and send an answer from Scotland, and then, using the *nom-de-guerre* of "Bonnie Lassie," discloses in the Correspondence Columns many other curious instances of heredity. Sailors die of drowning for generations, Irish landlords of bullet injuries, the criminal classes of hanging, and minor poets of assassination.

The lady Fashion Correspondent treats it from an athletic point of view in a few forcible remarks as "Twenty-years-a-Prize-fighter," and the News-Editor is coerced by a threat of instant dismissal into sending a contribution from "An Inebriate's Widow," attributing the entire complaint of broken-leg to intemperance, her husband having broken everything he had, including his word and her heart, in a short but eventful life of continuous orgie. It reminds one of the Editor and Manager of the Indian paper who abused each other in alternate leading articles!

Of course, the correspondence may be galvanised into an apoplectic altercation by converting it into a five-shilling prize competition and floating it on the market. Intoxicated by the offer of this imposing amount of capital in one lump-sum of bullion, the public belches correspondence upon the office by the tankful. Clergymen, schoolgirls, typewriters, and private tutors see a golden chance of "adding to their income by quiet work in the evenings," and if, after six months' incessant labour, they secure the five shillings, they look on themselves ever afterwards as having attained a recognised position in the world of letters, much as people who have their names printed in an advertisement or have their evidence reported in a Law Court are regarded as public characters in their neighbourhood for the rest of their lives.

The hopelessly inane and profitless character of these discussions is their best feature, for the mind at this time of the year is brought by the heat to a ginger-bread, rabbit-like state of imbecility. Consideration of the hours of meals and a languid attention to croquet problems monopolise the intellect. Take, for instance, excited debates on the subjects, "Are Holidays Enjoyable?" "Should One Fall in Love with a Pretty Girl?" "Which is Preferable—Poverty or Wealth?" "Would We be Happier if We were Somebody Else?" Indeed, whether a newspaper should attempt to make people think at all at any time is questionable. The American Press long ago has grasped this and devotes itself wholly to amusing and scandalising the public. And does argument, as a matter of ascertained fact, ever lead to anything?

A painful fact is that so many of the letters are purely efforts at self-advertisement. As a rule, they never see the light, except the light of the editorial office-stove. But probably half the letters an Editor receives in any circumstances are disguised advertisements. Imagine a "Silly Season" disputation on "Is Marriage a Fiasco?" A manufacturer writes drawing attention to his patent teething-powders, which are universally acknowledged to have removed the chief obstacles to the happiness of married life. A struggling young doctor, seeing a chance of evading the laws of professional etiquette, declares that the whole question is one of health, and that the prosperity of the community is absolutely dependent on rising medical men in possession of the most modern medical methods.

HILL ROWAN.

THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1901.

IF we are to believe some cricket critics, one great feature of the season which is now drawing to a close has been the unusual number of failures in the field. This is not a pleasant reflection; it is, indeed, distinctly the reverse. One might, it is true, in some instances charge the critic with undue severity, but, unfortunately, if the statement be regarded in a general way, its truth must be admitted. Ground-fielding may not have been much below par, but missed catches have totalled up in an alarming and very serious manner, pointing to a sad want of attention to a most important department of the game. The harm that this may work is, perhaps, not sufficiently realised. Nothing creates the impression that the game is not being played keenly so quickly as

SLACKNESS IN THE FIELD,

and, if this impression gains ground, cricket in a great measure ceases to be attractive. In other respects, the season has been one calculated to fully maintain, if not to increase, the game's popularity.

THE BATSMAN ON THE MODERN FAULTLESS WICKET

has in dry weather practically carried all before him. When, however, the opportunity has presented itself, the bowler has completely turned the tables, proving that his art is not lost, but simply rendered more difficult by circumstances over which he has no control—perfect pitches and "butter-fingers." The known

EXCELLENCE OF THE YORKSHIRE TEAM

caused their success in the County Championship to be a matter free from surprise, yet their matches were not without exciting incidents. It is not a little singular that, while they beat Somerset in the first match by one wicket only, they lost the return, though it was played at Leeds, and yet Somerset are very nearly at the bottom of the list. This, however, is cricket all over, and a good thing too, for by its uncertainty it prospers. The small number of their losses has kept

MIDDLESEX HIGH UP

in the county results, though their victories have been also small. The part played by Notts has, perhaps, occasioned more surprise than anything else. The county started with great promise, yet they failed to do as well as in the previous year. Their batting was highly satisfactory, but their bowling was weakened by the falling-off in form of their fast bowler, Wass. Sussex owe their prominent position very materially to

MR. C. B. FRY, K. S. RANJITSINHJI, AND KILICK.

The two first-named have proved themselves the brightest "stars" of a season in which other "stars" have burned brilliantly. Each has scored over two hundred in an innings. Ranjitsinhji has, indeed, done it twice consecutively, and of this wonderful cricketer it may with truth be said that he has never played with greater variety of hit, or stroke, than in the present year. Mr. Fry's 105 against Surrey at the Oval last week was another source of rejoicing for Sussex.

OVER THE INDIAN PRINCE'S BATTING

one is never likely to be found nodding. He has not scored nearly so many runs as Mr. Fry, Tyldesley, or Abel, yet, with the old Oxford Blue, he stands apart from the rest of the batsmen in the matter of average, and in individual innings is second to none,

FOR HIS 285 (NOT OUT)

tops all others of the year, during which eleven other batsmen have scored 200 or over in a single innings. The makers of a thousand or more runs are very numerous, but only one cricketer has done this and taken one hundred wickets as well. This is

HIRST, AT THE PRESENT TIME THE BEST ALL-ROUND CRICKETER IN ENGLAND.

To Hirst and Rhodes, who has taken over two hundred wickets in first-class matches, the proud position of Yorkshire this season has been largely due. Had either failed, the result might have been disastrous. Rhodes's performance this year may be regarded as very extraordinary, and, estimating from the results obtained chiefly on dry wickets, his doings would have been nothing short of phenomenal had the summer been wet instead of exceptionally dry. Among bowlers of this season,

RHODES AND HIRST

occupy a similar position to that attained in batting by Mr. C. B. Fry and K. S. Ranjitsinhji, and it is noteworthy that not one of the four will

ACCOMPANY MR. A. C. MACLAREN TO AUSTRALIA,

so that, however strong the team the Lancashire Captain gets together, it will not be thoroughly representative, which, after all, is to be regretted. A gratifying feature of the season was the support given to the Lord's match between Gentlemen and Players, but this should have occasioned no surprise considering the talent included in the elevens placed in opposition. The unsatisfactory character of

BENEFIT MATCHES

was never more emphasised. Not a ball was bowled in the match originally set apart for Lockwood's benefit, while three days' cricket in that played for J. T. Brown realised a sum never before reached in the shape of reward to a professional cricketer. Yet both men were equally deserving. The tour of the South African cricketers merited more attention than it obtained, for our visitors played the game in a spirit of thoroughness pleasant to reflect upon. The welcome accorded them was warm and their measure of success was not altogether disappointing.

10x8

SEPT. 4, 1901

THE SKETCH.

281



TWO CRICKET "STARS" OF THE SEASON: PRINCE RANJITSINHJI AND MR. C. B. FRY.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, SOUTHSEA.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MY MERMAID.

BY ARTHUR J. DANIELS.



"H!" said Madame Morette, as, with loving care, she mixed the salad, repeating the while her favourite recipe, "a taste of vinegar, a river of oil; and do not forget the sugar," "Monsieur may not believe the story; nevertheless, it is a fact, all the same. Monsieur is incredulous, but presently he may see her, as others have done, with his own eyes, and then Monsieur will believe."

The "she" in question was a mermaid.

The strange apparition had arrived one evening off the rocks which fringed the shore of the little Normandy coast-town where I was spending my holiday, and had been seen by six separate and distinct inhabitants of standing and repute. It was true that one was in his cups at the time, being on his way home from a wedding; but, putting him aside, five credible witnesses still remained. The result was that the summer sleep which annually wrapped St. Luce in its heavy folds was rudely dissipated and the town awoke with a jerk. It even talked loudly at street-corners and shouted across the streets. Madame Morette shook her head. She hated innovations of any sort. And when three gentlemen of the Press, accompanied by photographic cameras and large pipes, suddenly appeared on the scene, the good dame could scarcely restrain her tears.

Later on, she did let loose the flood-gates, but that is when she learnt that all the young men—and not a few of their elders also—in the town had taken to spending their days on the rocks, in the hope of gazing upon the shameless creature who flaunted her golden hair and silver scales in so un-lady-like a fashion before the public gaze.

"What is the Government doing," wailed Madame, "to permit the scandal? The creature should be taken out into deep water and drowned; or, at least," she added more mercifully, "she should be provided with a proper bathing-costume!"

Despite the cynical smile with which I received Madame Morette's news, I am afraid my name must be included among those who went down to the seaweed-tangled rocks and hung about the caves which riddled the cliffs in the hope of seeing a mermaid.

My mermaid was not, however, the mermaid of St. Luce.

Miss Hatherfield wore a cool print frock and a straw-hat. She did not possess scales, and her hair was brown. Moreover, she did not sport in the water, save when she took her morning dip. At other times she patronised the good green earth or the equally good yellow sand. Occasionally, it is true, she picked her way gingerly across the rocks, but that was only when she yearned to catch some special "effect," and to transfer it to her canvas or her sketching-block. At such times it generally happened that I had yearnings in the same direction. At first a distance of a good many yards separated our easels, but when the ice was broken the distance diminished. One could talk so much easier and compare notes with so much greater facility when seated close together.

Within the space of eight days after making Miss Hatherfield's acquaintance I discovered that I was hopelessly in love with her.

At that moment the other mermaid drifted into our conversation.

I mentioned the subject to Miss Hatherfield, and made a joke about it. To my astonishment, she took the subject quite seriously.

"Why not?" she said, as grave as a Judge.

"Why not what?" I replied lamely.

"Why not a mermaid?" she went on.

"Certainly, if you wish it," I answered, looking mysterious and unutterable things. I thought of adding, "You can have a dozen if you like; I can refuse you nothing," but I didn't. She did not seem disposed to levity at the moment.

She put a splotch of carmine on her palette, transferred a portion of it to her canvas and a portion to my shirt-cuff, which was gravitating in the direction of her waist, and then went on, "There are sea-serpents, are there not?"

"I have read about them in the newspapers during the Silly Season," I replied guardedly.

"And rational people have seen them!"—the emphasis was, of course, intended for me. "If sea-serpents, why not mermaids? I shouldn't feel in the least surprised or alarmed if one sprang suddenly out of the sea—"

At that moment a particularly enterprising wavelet frothed up the rock on which Miss Hatherfield was balancing herself and her easel, swished round her white canvas shoes, and rolled away with a gurgle of satisfaction. It was either the sudden shock of the cold water on her ankles or the unexpected hiss of the wavelet—anyhow, Miss Hatherfield jumped up with a little scream and a frightened "Oh dear!" I rather flattered myself she was alluding to me, but I learnt afterwards that I had no place in her thoughts at that particular moment. She was thinking only of the mermaid. Of course, I gallantly caught her, and was on the point of seizing the opportunity to exclaim, "Maggie, I love you!" when she gasped, "My easel! Quick, quick!" I was as "quick, quick" as any human being could have been under the circumstances, but the easel and its attendant canvas were quicker. In a space to be measured

by seconds the artistic equipment was dancing about on the rolling main, and I had plunged in after it.

It was a foolish thing to do, for there was an under-current at that particular spot with which I was unacquainted, and that under-current played the very deuce with me. I quickly realised that I was drifting, but where I knew not. One thing was perfectly clear—I was leaving the rocks behind me. I am a fairly good swimmer, but, hampered as I was with my clothes and shoes, I could make no headway. I yelled for assistance, and—and—I almost dread to write the words—Miss Hatherfield tore off her hat and some other things and plunged into the sea!

"Go back, go back!" I cried, "or you'll be drowned. The current runs like a mill-pond."

I could see her battling with the waves. Her thick brown hair had come unfastened and floated around her head like a mass of seaweed. I noticed, too, that her arms were bare. She evidently meant business.

I was beginning to grow exhausted, when a sudden shout caused me to turn my head. As I did so, a boat shot past me in the direction of Miss Hatherfield. It was filled with fishermen, and in the bows stood one bronzed and hardy toiler of the deep with a huge net in his hand.

I caught hold of the boat as it moved away, and was congratulating myself on my lucky escape, when, to my horror, I heard someone in the boat cry out, "There she is! Catch her, catch her! The-mermaid, the mermaid!" The net flew in the air and alighted around Miss Hatherfield!

As to what happened after that I am not quite clear, but the hardy fishermen said I fought like a madman, that I screamed "Maggie! Maggie!" and did all sorts of absurd things. Let this be as it may, all I can remember is waking up and finding myself in bed, with Madame Morette and a doctor gazing at me anxiously. Later on, who should appear but Miss Hatherfield, and then the incidents of the previous day returned to me.

"You were accidentally hit on the head with an oar," she explained, "while they were pulling me on board, and when I saw the blood streaming from your head I fainted. I was afraid it was something serious"—there was, I observed, a peculiar little choking in her voice, and what looked like the least symptom of moisture in her eyes—"but the doctor says it is only a flesh-wound and that you will be quite well in a day or two."

I seized her hand. She did not take it away.

"Suppose," I said, "it had been something serious, would you—?"

Then I kissed her—twice. And she offered no objection.

"From this time forth," I said to the good Madame Morette, when I bade her good-bye at the railway-station, "I shall believe religiously in mermaids, because," I added, looking at Maggie, who was blushing in a corner of the carriage—"oh! because, you see, I've caught one myself."

MASTER DENNY.

Master Reginald Denny, now understudying at the Vaudeville Theatre, was the new boy of "The Royal Family," at the Court Theatre. He is known to his intimates as "Reggie," and is one of the best of good fellows, a dear little chappie, full of affection, fun, and mischief. He is the seven-year-old

son of the clever character-actor, Mr. W. H. Denny, and began his professional career when only six. "Reggie's" débüt was mainly due to the persuasions of Mr. Dion Boucicault and Captain Marshall, and not a little to his own disappointment and keen sorrow his father made up his mind to decline the offer. The refusal was turned to an acceptance they have all had cause to rejoice in. His appearance is exactly what the author and manager wanted, and even at the first rehearsal he surprised everyone, for he plays with vigour and that delightful lack of concern for his audience that is so charming a characteristic of all clever children.



MASTER REGINALD DENNY.



SKETCHED AT BOULOGNE BY DUDLEY HARDY.

A FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE *

A NEW SPORTING BOOK.

DOES betting pay? Mr. George Hodgman, who has been sixty years on the Turf—backing, laying, training, owning, and running racehorses—will have no difficulty in answering in the affirmative. He made his first bet when he was fifteen. He does not tell us how he came out of this initial flutter, but, some time later on,

when put to business with his uncle, a furniture-dealer at Ramsgate, he was still backing his fancy and making a small book at the Shipwright's Arms, at the back of the pier.

He might have followed the furniture business to his grave, as he remarks, and regarded racing merely in the light of a pastime, had not a tall, burly Irishman named Tim Kelly come along with feathers to sell. They were very good feathers, and George bought them by weight. Then he discovered that the bottom of the bags contained a complement of sand. Mr. Tim Kelly seemed very well satisfied with the deal, but, his eye chancing to fall on a copy of *Bell's Life*, he thought he would go one better, and inquired of the young furniture-salesman whether he betted. Although George Hodgman may not have been an expert in the manipulation of feathers for sale, he was by this time fairly

familiar with Turf matters, and he got Mr. Tim Kelly to lay him a "pony" to three against Hydrangea for the Goodwood Stakes of 1847. The Irishman lost. Then, hoping to get his money back, he offered to bet his young friend three "ponies" to one that he would beat him at hop, step, and jump on Ramsgate sands. The wager was taken, and, on the match coming off, the Irishman lost again. When he handed George a beautiful hundred-pound note in settlement, it was with this remark, "Young man, I tell you what it is—you're wasting your time down here. Come to London. That's the place for your sort."

Mr. George Hodgman came to London and put up at the Brown Bear in Aldersgate Street, where Kelly was staying, and, acting on his advice, backed Caurouch for the Cesarewitch at a hundred to two. The son of Irish Birdcatcher made all the running, and won comfortably by a length from Giselle. By the following season George was fairly launched in London sporting life, and the star of his fortune ascended with remarkable rapidity. Everything he touched, he tells us, in racing brought him in gold. In those far-off days, sweepstakes on the classic events were all the rage. "Big" Willis, who kept the "King's Head" in Newgate Street, ran two on the Cesarewitch—one for four thousand at a shilling a-head, and the other for forty at ten pounds apiece. George joined in both, and drew The Cur for each. The Cur won, showing thereby that he was abominably misnamed, and put Mr. George Hodgman at the head of a nice little bit of money.

Among the many celebrities of various sorts with whom Mr. George Hodgman has come in contact was Palmer, the sporting surgeon and poisoner. He doctored a bookmaker named Swindell for death in case a mare called Doubt should fail to win a certain handicap at Wolverhampton. Fortunately, the gee-gee managed to scramble home with half-a-length to the good, and Palmer promptly set his patient right. While the trial for poisoning Cook was proceeding, Attorney-General Cockburn (afterwards Lord Chief Justice), who had the case in hand, called on Swindell when Hodgman happened to be with him.

"Fred," said Cockburn (the pair were great friends), "I can't understand how you escaped the scoundrel. But I'm sure to hang him—sure!"

"Oh! be easy with him," returned Swindell.

"Easy? Yes! You mark my words, I'm sure to hang him!"

And hanged he was.

A good deal of betting went on over the famous Tichborne trial. Hodgman was at one time among the backers of the Claimant, and so was Mr. Warner, of the Welsh Harp at Hendon. The latter frequently had the notorious impostor out to dinner. One Sunday, when Mr. Warner failed to coax an edge on the carving-knife, "Sir Roger" exclaimed, "Give it me!" And the deftness he displayed in handling carver and steel opened the eyes of the host, who, when the guest absented himself from the room, remarked to his wife, "We're done! He's a butcher right enough!"

This is one of the most entertaining books on racing we have had for a long time, and is teeming with capital stories. Some of the best are too long for the limited space at my disposal.—EDWARD VIZETELLY.

* "Sixty Years on the Turf: The Life and Times of George Hodgman, 1840-1900." Edited by Charles R. Warren. With Illustrations. London: Grant Richards.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S fertility is truly amazing. So is the high standard of excellence he maintains in all his work. His new novel, "Tristram of Blent," seems to have been thrown off as a kind of relaxation after the strain of producing those remarkable novels, "The King's Mirror" and "Quisanté." If it is less ambitious than Mr. Anthony Hope's recent work, if it makes less demand upon author and reader, it is not a whit less clever and entertaining. The plot is complicated and is spun on a very slender thread, but it is spun with masterly dexterity and the reader is kept busy unravelling it to the very end. Needless to say, the dialogue is sparkling and delightful and the character-drawing excellent. There is much more rollicking fun in "Tristram of Blent" than we have been led to expect from Mr. Anthony Hope's recent work, and the scenes between the busybodies are in themselves enough to put every reader in the best of humours. Altogether, "Tristram of Blent," while it adds nothing to Mr. Anthony Hope's reputation as a "serious" novelist, will enlarge the circle of those who always take up his books in the assurance of several hours' excellent entertainment.

Among the autumn productions of the American stage, none is awaited with greater interest in literary circles than the dramatic version of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "The Forest Lovers," which is to be produced very shortly in New York. Miss Bertha Garland, who took a prominent part in another recent dramatisation of a novel, Mr. Egerton Castle's "The Pride of Jennico," is to play the leading rôle in "The Forest Lovers."

It is said that Matilde Serao, the famous Italian novelist, is to pay a visit to England this autumn. This, together with the recent publication of her remarkable novel, "The Land of Cockayne," should serve to draw the attention of the reading public to one of the most brilliant of Continental writers, whose work has too long been neglected in this country. There is a likelihood of a complete translation of Matilde Serao's works being issued in the near future, and few foreign writers more deserve the honour. Matilde Serao is known in private life as the wife of Eduardo Scarfoglio, the proprietor of the *Matino di Napoli*, and one of the most conspicuous figures in Neapolitan Society. Matilde Serao is herself an industrious journalist, and her sparkling articles on current topics are read and quoted throughout Italy. One of Matilde Serao's most recent publications is a volume describing a visit to Palestine, entitled "The Land of Jesus," which is compared by critics to Pierre Loti's remarkable volumes on the Holy Land.

Mr. Sydney Whitman, the author of "The Life of the Emperor Frederick" and "Conversations with Prince Bismarck," has just finished an entirely new volume on the "Iron Chancellor," containing his personal reminiscences and many hitherto unpublished biographical details.

An American journal, by transposing a line from the above announcement into a subsequent paragraph, makes the following interesting statement: "Mr. Sydney Appleton is enthusiastic over the books he has secured for the New York house, particularly Tom Gallon's Christmas tale, 'The Man who Knew Better,' with fine illustrations by Emperor Frederick." He certainly has reason to be enthusiastic.

In a recent interview, the famous French publisher, M. Flammarion, makes the remarkable statement that at the present time Maupassant is still the best-selling of French writers. I suppose Maupassant must still enjoy a great vogue in the country districts of France, for in Paris his works certainly do not sell now to any great extent. But M. Flammarion must surely have been misunderstood when he put Maupassant's sales above those of Zola, whose immense popularity has, I learn, been in no way diminished by his attitude in the Dreyfus Case. Of recent English books, the translation of Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon" has had the largest sale, but, of course, "Quo Vadis?" easily takes first place among the works of foreign authors.

An American publisher with a reputation for boozing "first books" has stated that last year his firm received and read seventeen hundred manuscripts, and accepted—one. The writing craze is now at its height in America, and one kindly writer gives the following advice in the *Independent*: "O, sweet girl graduate, go take in washing, and O, youth of giant intellect, go labour in coal-mine, sooner than come in our field."

Mr. Leonard Merrick, the author of "The Actor-Manager," has completed a new novel of dramatic life in England and America which he calls "When Love Flies Out of the Window."

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's new novel is to be called "The Making of the Marchioness." I learn from an "advance announcement" that the scene of the day is laid in an English country house, "where an amiable English nobleman is the centre of matrimonial interest on the part of both the English and Americans present." This certainly promises well.

Mr. William Heinemann courteously informs me that the first volume of the translation of George Brandes's great work, "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," has already been published by him. I gave a synopsis of this remarkably interesting work recently.

Miss Una L. Silberrad, whose recent novel, "The Lady of Dreams," was something of a disappointment, has written a new book, "Princess Puck," which, it is said, will more than fulfil the remarkable promise of her first book.

o. o.



MR. HODGMAN.

Photo by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket. Reproduced, by permission of Mr. Grant Richards, from "Sixty Years on the Turf."

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HERBERT GLADSTONE, M.P.

A Pen-and-Ink Sketch of the Chief Liberal Whip—The Forces Working from Behind Rather than from Within which have Made Him What He Is—His Recreation and Some of his Views.

BECAUSE Mr. Gladstone has reached the borders of what, in spite of his distinctly youthful appearance both in face and figure, he has been heard to call his "time of life," it got to be assumed as a matter of course that he was a confirmed bachelor. The announcement of his engagement, therefore, to Miss Dorothy Paget came in something of the nature of a surprise, while in reality in itself it contained the spirit of a romance—a romance nurtured by devotion to a common artistic impulse.

In spite of his persistence in referring to his "time of life," Mr. Gladstone is really only forty-seven, for he was born, as anyone may discover for himself without the trouble of consulting his baptismal register, on Jan. 7, 1854. He is therefore but two years older than Julius Caesar was when he still considered himself a young man. He may literally be said to have breathed his first breath in a Parliamentary atmosphere, for he is probably the only member of the House who first saw the light of day in official Downing Street, as Mr. Gladstone was at that time serving the first of his six triumphant terms as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

This year is an interesting one in his career, for, as he was first returned in 1880, he now achieves his Parliamentary majority, and during this long term he has sat uninterruptedly for the Western Division of Leeds.

The same forces which have combined to place him in his present position, which he fills with such steadfast energy and unchanging tact, conspired to make him take the first step and to direct his others to his present place.

Were he asked, he would probably be the first to say that he was not a politician by nature, and that he started life with no intention of going into Parliament. As a matter of fact, he had been Lecturer on History at Keble College, Oxford, for three years when Parliamentary life was put to him in such a way that it seemed to be his duty to fight a constituency, and he contested the County of Middlesex, but was defeated, though within a few weeks he was elected to the seat he has since held.

For the same reason, although life outside politics has many attractions for him, for he is passionately addicted to outdoor life, and has the healthy Englishman's enthusiasm for sport, combined with the student's no less enthusiastic passion for travel and the Londoner's equally vehement hatred of London, he remains bound hand and foot to the interests of the Liberal Party, and works for it with an untiring devotion. Perhaps he feels that it is his duty to stand by the ship, especially now, when it is working short-handed and is in troubled waters, and, therefore, every man is more necessary to its welfare than

he is at other times. All the same, however, he is the very reverse of a pessimist on the prospects of the Party. Not long ago, in the course of conversation, he was heard to express the opinion that, although the outlook was not bright at the moment, yet it might brighten with considerable suddenness. Whether, however, the outlook be bright or gloomy, the work to which he has put his right hand he does with all his heart, not necessarily because he likes it, but merely because he has undertaken it. He has never been an office-seeker, and it is known that in his heart of hearts he would sooner be out of office than in it. Yet, when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, as the Leader of the Party on whom the duty devolved, went to him and asked him to undertake the office of Chief Whip, he consented, although, having filled the position of First Commissioner of Works—which is regarded as a stepping-stone to future Cabinet honours—some people considered that it was a crab-like method of progression, backwards rather than forwards. Such a consideration, however, was as nothing to Mr. Gladstone, whose idea is that service of the Party in the position in which a member can best serve it should be paramount.

In the long years which have elapsed since Lord Randolph Churchill called him the "youthful Hercules," when he made his maiden speech on the same night as the then Mr. Stafford Northcote—the sons of the two Leaders of the House both speaking for the first time—on the question of the retention of Kandahar, many memorable scenes have occurred: Mr. Gladstone was once heard to say that the most moving of them all were, in his opinion, the Second Reading of the Affirmation Bill, just after he got his seat in Parliament, the notification of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, and the introduction of the Home Rule Bill of 1886. Similarly, the greatest speeches in his estimation were two made by his father, the one on the Home Rule Bill, and the other—which outdistanced it—the greater effort on the Second Reading of the Affirmation Bill.

To him the greatest ordeal he can be asked to undergo is to address the House of Commons, although it has its compensations in being the best audience a speaker can get.

A politician by force of circumstances, he, in spite of his "time of life," still plays cricket, and has for

fifteen years played in the House of Commons eleven. In his younger and more vigorously athletic years he once actually tried to get up a football match between the Government and the Opposition, but he could not get quite all the players. He is also an enthusiastic golfer.

When neither at work in the House nor exercising in the open air, his delight is music, in which he would probably say he dabbles all round, though those who have heard him play the piano, the organ, or 'cello know that he has a great deal of skill and artistic feeling.

His great craze, however, is madrigal-singing, and he belongs to a great many Madrigal Societies. His partiality is for old English works, though he by no means despises modern glees, part-songs, and madrigals.

It is in this connection that the romance of his engagement occurred, for it was at a madrigal party that he first met the lady who has consented to become Mrs. Herbert Gladstone.



THE RIGHT HON. HERBERT GLADSTONE, M.P., THE CHIEF LIBERAL WHIP,
SOON TO BE A BENEDICT.

Photo by Russell, W.

fifteen years played in the House of Commons eleven. In his younger and more vigorously athletic years he once actually tried to get up a football match between the Government and the Opposition, but he could not get quite all the players. He is also an enthusiastic golfer. When neither at work in the House nor exercising in the open air, his delight is music, in which he would probably say he dabbles all round, though those who have heard him play the piano, the organ, or 'cello know that he has a great deal of skill and artistic feeling. His great craze, however, is madrigal-singing, and he belongs to a great many Madrigal Societies. His partiality is for old English works, though he by no means despises modern glees, part-songs, and madrigals. It is in this connection that the romance of his engagement occurred, for it was at a madrigal party that he first met the lady who has consented to become Mrs. Herbert Gladstone.

DUBLIN DOWN-TO-DATE

WHAT a lot of interesting things and places are to be examined and explored in Hibernia's quaint old capital, to be sure!—that is, of course, when you have got well within non-smellable distance of the Liffey. In this connection, however, I am happy to tell, on Dublin's behalf, that I found a scheme at last afoot for the removal of the local main-drainages. By means of this diversion, the Liffey, which is so lovely a stream a few miles up—where the salmon leap—will be doubtless purified.

Dublin down-to-date strikes you directly you enter it as

A CITY OF STATUES AND ELECTRIC TRAM-CARS.

These statues, mostly marble; but sometimes bronze, are so numerous that you begin to think that, whenever the Dublin Corporators are in doubt, they put up a statue without debating overmuch who shall be its subject. Of course, the statues to Goldsmith and Burke outside famous old Trin. Coll. Dub., the several statues to Liberator O'Connell, including that splendid specimen in the middle of Sackville Street, the one of Grattan outside the old Houses of Parliament and present Bank of Ireland, not to mention Plunket's effigy in Kildare Street, the effigy of

was, a few years ago, reconverted from the Leinster Hall into playhouse form; at the Gaiety, where also a good dramatic show is always to be obtained; at the just reopened Lyric Music Hall; at Poole's Myriorama, with "Savage South Africa" hard by; and at all sorts of museums and public places, including the famous Nelson Pillar, which is close to the somewhat small and dingy old General Post Office, on the front of which is displayed, plain for all men to see (although I found that important lifelong inhabitants had never noticed it), a strange receptacle, labelled "Too Late Box."

But the best part of old Dublin's new and incessant electric tram-car system is that it will take you either on to Glasnevin, where nearly everybody is dead (because it is chiefly a cemetery), or to Donnybrook, which, alas! I found not at all so shillelagh-ful and Pattern-Fairish as it used to be; although, on looking around the suburbs of the Hibernian Capital, I found many natives preparing for some thirty-odd fairs of a more or less horsey nature. By the way, for the week of Dublin's great Horse Show, Mr. Mouillot, of the Theatre Royal, engaged Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Co. to come over from Belfast to present "Twelfth Night" and that tremendous contrast, "Herod," while at the local Gaiety Mr. George Edwardes's chief Touring "San Toy" Company was the attraction.



MR. E. M. ROBSON, AS THE MARQUIS OF MONTEFIORE, AND MISS LILY HANBURY, AS MARITA, IN "A ROYAL RIVAL," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

St. Lawrence O'Toole (which name reminds one of a dear actor-friend), the statue of the Temperance Advocate, Father Mathew (the best "agitator" Ireland ever had), and so on and so forth, are not only tolerable, but to be endured, as the great-great-grandfather of Miss Le Fanu Robertson would put it. But there are so many statues which do not matter any more than the particularly rapid, unintelligible patter of which Mr. Gilbert writes. Among these scarcely necessary effigies I may include (strictly without prejudice) that extraordinary semi-gilt statue which depicts William III., who was either glorious or guilt-stained, according to your point of view. Whether or no the partly ornamented counterfeit semi-Roman presentation of the English Throne's Third William, squatting upon a long-bodied kind of dray-horse, is an abiding insult to Art, as it must, I fear, seem to be to the large Roman Catholic portion of the natives, I cannot but think that the fact that one of the mean streets of Dublin is named "Great Britain Street" must have been intended in some sort as a kind of equally abiding revenge for the just-hereinbefore-mentioned sculpturesque "Insult to Ireland."

AS TO DUBLIN'S ELECTRIC TRAM-CARS,

they are really wonderful. They fly in endless streams along all the principal streets, putting you down at the fine Theatre Royal, which

But the best of all possible tram-cars into the beautiful suburbs of Dublin was that

FROM NELSON'S PILLAR TO HOWTH,

and from Howth (per another car belonging to Ireland's Great Northern Railway) to the summit of the famous Hill of Howth, from which may be had perhaps the most beautiful land-and-sea view to be obtained anywhere within the (at present) United Kingdom. This lovely ride, taking in that historic battle-spot, Clontarf, a choice bit of Malahide, &c., may be "negotiated" for what the show-folk are wont to call "the small price of sixpence"—each way. Well, call it ninepence, and let me assure you that all the millionaires in Starry and Stripey Millionaire-land or elsewhere could not procure a more beautiful trip—even though they have "Money to Burn," as the Americanese language hath it. But, of all these little trips (I was almost writing "triplets"), I prefer the one to glorious Phoenix Park. Here also the tram-car goes, although, of course, if one wants to drive instead of walk around this vast arboreal and horticultural paradise, one must charter one of Dublin's still multitudinous jaunting-cars. Indeed, I found that in most journeys through and around this historic city the natives scorn trains, tram-cars, cabs, and hansom, and still swear by—and defiantly hold on to—these wildly dashing jaunting-cars.

II. C. N.

THE BEAUTIFUL HEROINE OF "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE."

SINCE Miss Maxine Elliott and her husband, Mr. Nat Goodwin, left England and the Duke of York's Theatre in July 1889, three events of more or less personal interest to the beautiful actress and the playgoing world have occurred during her visit to America—I say visit advisedly, for, although the Goodwins have a house in Seventy-Fifth Street, New York, they regard "Jackwood," their charming country estate on

SHOOTER'S HILL, KENT, AS THEIR REAL HOME.

Imprimis, Miss Maxine Elliott has created a part which the whole American Press is unanimous in declaring she has cause to be proud of playing, for the part of Phyllis Ericson is the most prominent jewel in the crown of success which deservedly graces Mr. H. V. Esmond's new comedy,

"WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE,"

brought out at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, Feb. 3, 1900, and since played with record-breaking success in all the chief cities throughout the United States. On Monday evening last it was presented at the Comedy Theatre.

In connection with this popular actress's personal attractions, I cannot omit reference to the fact that she was acclaimed last June through the length and breadth of America "the Queen of American Brunette Beauty" in the famous

PAN-AMERICAN BEAUTY CONTEST,

which was arranged for the purpose of selecting from photographs the two most beautiful women in America to represent the official emblem of the Pan-American Exposition, now being held in Buffalo. While Miss Coleman Wood, of Charlottesville, Va.,

A MOST BEAUTIFUL BLONDE,

was adjudged the best typical representative of North America, Miss Maxine Elliott, for her flawless classic features, rich colouring, and ideal symmetry of form, was accorded the honour of representing South America by a Committee of ten, of which Mr. Chauncey Depew was Chairman. In honour of these ladies, a most beautiful building has been erected in the Exposition, while a medal, bearing their profiles in relief, will be cast in commemoration of the occasion.

However, it may be stated with the certainty of knowledge that Miss Maxine Elliott takes little account of this complimentary award as compared with her desire to be regarded as an actress of distinction. This fact is brought home to you on your

MEETING HER AWAY FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS,

amidst the plenitude of Nature's gifts at Jackwood, where, surrounded by her Boston terriers and bull-dogs, she entertains you with a description of her late successful tour while dispensing tea under the shadow of a gigantic walnut-tree standing below the "Haddon Hall" terrace.



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT AND HER FAVOURITE DOGS.

Photo by Bushnell, San Francisco.

Naturally, the one subject of interest to her and to you is the

LONDON PRODUCTION OF ESMOND'S COMEDY;

and she tells, with the generous frankness of a true artist, that the play is too well constructed and too utterly charming to create anything but an agreeable impression. She smiles with sincere amusement on your referring to any possible change in the title of the play. "Successes never need rechristening!" she remarks, to which, of course, you cannot but accord entire agreement.

"However, the original title before the play was produced was 'The Trinity,' suggested by a phrase in

THACKERAY'S TRANSLATION OF BÉRANGER'S POEM,

illustrative of the long friendship of three old cronies so united that they were known as "The Trinity." But, in deference to objections which were made, Mr. Esmond had recourse to the same spring of sentiment, and from the lines—

To drain all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one,

he evolved the play's present name.

"It is a simple story, and yet so powerful as to induce tears and laughter to succeed each other in irresistible sequence," as your pretty hostess remarks. Then she may go on to give an outline of the plot—a skeleton at best, without the warm flesh and blood of Nat Goodwin's touching pathos, his passionate scenes and romantic love-making, and Miss Elliott's charming womanliness, expressed in many a changing mood.

IN "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE"

you are introduced to a young man familiarly known as "The Imp" (Henry Woodruff), who, an orphan, has been brought up under the watchful care of four old friends of his late father, the most lovable of whom is Dick Carewe (Nat Goodwin). "The Imp" is a terrible "handful" whom his guardians do their utmost to lead aright. They take the greatest interest in an engagement which they have arranged between him and Dick Carewe's ward, Phyllis Ericson (Miss Maxine Elliott), but the young cub jilts the beautiful girl, and secretly marries "The Firefly," a notorious girl of the music-hall

world, whose acquaintance you make at a fast Supper Club. Here Dick Carewe, for the sake of his affection for "The Imp," is placed in very distressing and compromising situations. However, he at length receives the reward due to him by discovering that the diffident love he has all along entertained for his beautiful ward has been reciprocated for some years past.

As I am quite sure that many of the readers of *The Sketch* will be anxious to learn if Miss Maxine Elliott is

AS HANDSOME AS EVER,

I will not conclude before assuring them that on visiting the Comedy they will find she still fulfils the highest ideal of womanly sweetness and feminine grace as well as of facial beauty. And these are none the less enduring, you may be sure, because she is devoted to an outdoor life, which is spent as much as possible in driving and riding and in croquet and golfing.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

MR. H. V. ESMOND'S NEW PLAY,

in which Mr. Nat Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott appeared on Monday at the Comedy, has a title—"When We were Twenty-One"—which certainly appeals to the sentimental.



MR. H. V. ESMOND, AUTHOR OF "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE."

Photo by Gabbell and Co.

short, "Soldier Man," and McGrath, a doctor, have become guardians of a flighty young fellow named Richard Terrance Miles Audaine. This wild-oat-sowing youth, who has "seen life" extensively, although he has barely attained his majority, is the son of a dead comrade of this more or less grey-bearded group—a comrade whose memory they hold in reverence.

The principal anxiety of these four fogies is to help their wild ward, whom they have nicknamed "The Imp," out of an unfortunate marriage which he has contracted with a very "fast" damsel some few years older than himself—a depraved adventuress named Kara Glenesk, but mostly known as "Firefly." This arduous task they eventually contrive to achieve, and in the process they cause the foolish young fellow to fall in love with a true, pure, and sweet young girl—one Phyllis Ericson. This, however, proves a desperate remedy, as far as the chief fogey, Dick Carewe, is concerned, for that hitherto blithe barrister has really long, but secretly, loved this delightful damsel himself.

As the self-sacrificing Dick, Mr. Nat Goodwin has an excellent character, full of those quiet but effective touches such as made his impersonation in "An American Citizen" so fascinating. Miss Maxine Elliott, looking lovelier than ever, has a charming character as the beautiful and noble-hearted Phyllis, and Miss Constance Collier has full scope for the display of her opulent beauty and her histrionic intensity as the physically splendid but morally warped Kara, the "Firefly."

MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS "BECKY SHARP."

The Prince of Wales's Theatre presented as gay and bright an appearance on the last Tuesday night in August as it does on a *première* in the height of the Season. The attraction was the latest version of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," adapted by MM. Robert Hichens and Cosmo Gordon Lennox, and entitled "Becky Sharp." Necessarily, for the few hours' traffic of the stage, only a portion of a novel ranging over so wide a field could be dramatised; and, the crowning episode of the Marquis of Steyne's infatuation having been chosen, the authors might well have begun their five-Act play with the lordly roué's cool, persistent wooing of the not unwilling Becky. The advantages of this treatment would have been obvious. The piece would have been far more cohesive, would have been relieved of much tedious "snivelling," and could easily have been played in three hours instead of lingering on till midnight. But the consummately able Manager who produced the comedy, Mr. Dion Boucicault, has doubtless long ere this curtailed it with a strong hand.

Every playgoer should see Miss Marie Tempest as the sly, witching, artful, clever, avaricious, and heartless Becky—type of not a few similarly unscrupulous and alluring women who have climbed into the fast set of the Society of our day. This comely, soft, purring, intriguing, lying Becky may not be quite the Becky Thackeray created; but Miss Tempest presents in her demurely pretty way so many of the attributes of the real Becky that her captivating portrait proved wholly acceptable. Perhaps Miss Tempest looked most charming when she appeared as a fascinating Phyllis on the stage at Gaunt House and sang

with all the sweetness for which she was famed in comic opera the melodious song, composed, with other delightful illustrative music, by Mr. M. Melville Ellis. She here completes her conquest of the insidious Marquis (who surely has too severe a way of making love), and even wins the favour of "a Royal personage," made up to resemble the susceptible Fourth George. It is in this scene the action grips the audience. The reckless Rawdon Crawley, overwhelmed with gambling debts, is carried off, by the contrivance of the Marquis, to Mr. Moss's Sponging House in Cursitor Street. Dramatic exigencies demanded that the Sponging House set should have been omitted. By cutting Cursitor Street and coming direct to the final scene, in which Rawdon Crawley discovers his venal wife, Becky, with the Marquis of Steyne, and seathes them with his outburst of indignation, the play would have ended more effectively.

Mr. John Hare was present to see the admirable realisation by his son, Mr. Gilbert Hare, of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne, who seems to have stepped from the book. Mr. Leonard Boyne, superbly strong in the Will-making Scene and in the concluding Act, had on the first-night acquired too artificial a laugh, but is so excellent an actor that he has probably got inside the character of the boisterous Captain by this time. The Amelia Sedley of Miss Irene Rooke and Lieutenant Osborne of Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. Holman Clark's Pitt Crawley, the Wenham of Mr. H. Granville Barker, the mellow Mrs. O'Dowd of Miss Grace Ffolliott, Fifine of Miss Nina Cadiz, Joe Sedley of Mr. Fred W. Sidney, and Mr. J. Malcolm Dunn's Earl of Southdown, helped to fill in the picture of "Vanity Fair." But it is the cajoling Becky Sharp of Miss Marie Tempest that will be the chief draw at the Prince of Wales's. The scenery of MM. Hann and Ryan, and the costumes and millinery by the Maison Lucile and the Maison Lalie, by Messrs. John Simmons and Sons and Messrs. Nathan, are of the excellence Mr. Frank Curzon has accustomed the public to.

"KITTY GREY."

Mr. George Edwardes and his new partner, Mr. Charles Frohman, will next Saturday put on at the Apollo the musical version of "Kitty Grey," with those two lovely and respectively Irish and American belles, Evie Greene and Edna May, in the principal characters. Miss Greene will, as on tour, continue to represent Kitty, and Miss May will impersonate the beautiful but much-bewildered wife.

THE LATEST HAMLET

is Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, who, after playing a round of "leads" in the "legitimate" drama at Birmingham for seven consecutive weeks, made his first appearance a few days ago as the Moody Dane in the neighbourhood of Hardwaria, and scored an unmistakable success.

I LEARN THAT MR. EDWARD TERRY

will during his present tour produce a new three-Act comedy written by Mr. Edgar Pemberton and entitled "Mothering Sunday." Later on in the said tour, Mr. Terry will produce "The Purple Lady," and on his return to town he will, in all probability, present a new comedy by the prolific Captain Basil Hood.



MR. NAT GOODWIN IN "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

Photo by Bushnell, San Francisco.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Camping for Cyclists—A Camping Enthusiast—Shoes for Cyclists—Pace when Touring—Overdoing it—Cycling Rendezvous.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Sept. 4, 7.39; Thursday, 7.37; Friday, 7.34; Saturday, 7.32; Sunday, 7.30; Monday, 7.28; Tuesday, 7.25.

Cycle-camping does not seem to be very popular amongst individual wheelmen, in spite of the many attempts on the part of enthusiasts to promote its indulgence. I do not allude to the annual "meets" or gatherings of cyclists which are held in various parts of the country, but to the camping tour similar to those organised so abundantly and successfully by boatmen.

The fact is, cycling has got beyond the stage of athletic fervour and fever, and the tourist of to-day has a profound appreciation of the comforts of a good hotel at the conclusion of a day's spin. In spite of the eulogies given forth by the cyclist-camper, I am fain to think such touring is attended by many discomforts which do not obtain when the cyclist merely uses his machine as a method of locomotion between town and town. The joys of cooking one's own meals, fetching one's own water, and generally emulating the daily life of the Australian swagman, do not appeal to the majority of wheelmen.

At the same time, there are some very enthusiastic cycle-campers. Mr. T. H. Holding, whose book, "Cycle and Camp," has had some vogue, is, perhaps, the premier enthusiast. This gentleman for many years has spent his annual vacation in wandering about the country with his cycle, at night sleeping under the shelter of his tent, cooking his own food, and glorying in his emancipation from hotels and inns. It must be confessed he is a very practical camper, leaving nothing to chance, and he has invented so many novel appliances by which cycle-camping is made possible that he deserves more than passing mention. On his camping tours he carries everything with him—his house, his bed, his kitchen utensils, and everything necessary for the comfort of one prepared in part to rough it and in part to enjoy himself. He gloats over the fact that it is impossible to spend more than thirty shillings a-week, and looks with pity upon the man who allows himself to be harassed by greasy head-waiters and importunate "boots" for "tips." Those who would like to try cycle-camping should buy "Cycle and Camp"; it is published by Ward, Lock, and Co. at two shillings.

A very important factor towards comfort in cycling is the wearing of good shoes. Some riders will be very fussy and didactic about their costume, head-gear, hose, and underclothing, and give only passing thought to foot-wear. When it is remembered that it is through the foot to the pedal the whole of the propulsive energy is passed, the importance of wearing good shoes is very apparent. Some people will cycle in any sort of foot-gear, from patent pumps to heavy walking-boots, and wonder why their feet ache after even a short ride. Ladies are the greatest sinners in this respect, for, out of consideration for the appearance of their feet, they are inclined to wear the tightest of boots, with non-flexible instep, and laced or buttoned so tightly that the ankle has no chance of freedom in pedalling.

The cyclist's shoe should be soft and flexible. In fact, the "top" should be as easy of expansion as a glove; the sole should be of medium thickness, and the waist so limber that the shoe can be bent double. The lacing should be carried down to within an inch or an inch and a-half of the toe, for thus the shoe can be made to fit the foot accurately and without pressure on any of the bones or muscles. The flexible waist permits bending in the foot, and it is by this that perfect pedalling is acquired. To ride properly and gracefully, the ankles are used at every stroke, so that there is no intermission of power between the strokes, and thus the machine runs smoothly and evenly.

My remarks concerning touring have brought me one or two questions as to what I consider should be a comfortable distance to bike per diem.

It is difficult to lay down any set rules on such a subject, for riders' powers vary so much, inclinations are so divergent, and the road contours have so much to do with the possibilities of covering a certain distance in a certain time. The state of the roads has also to be taken into consideration, and, most important of all, the direction of the wind. I have frequently ridden eighty miles in one day, with the wind at my back, with ease and absence of exhaustion; whereas, with the wind in my teeth, I have struggled laboriously along and knocked myself up at thirty miles. Tourists must, in a great measure, be guided by circumstances. Unless one is an exceptional rider, and a glutton for work, it is unwise to make it a hard-and-fast rule to cover a certain distance per day, come bad roads, hills, or wind. Overdoing it robs cycling of so many of its pleasures, and, once the physical powers are unduly taxed, the mental sensibilities are too dulled to be appreciative of beautiful scenery or to be receptive of the exhilaration which is part and parcel of rational cycling.

Perhaps the most important consideration in the matter of touring with ease is the speed at which one travels. The cultivation of an even pace all through is rather difficult, for one is apt to be tempted by good roads and abundant energy to put forward the best powers and travel at a speed really prohibitive to comfort. The consequence is that the second half of the day's journey is more or less a drag. The rider has taken so much out of

himself in the freshness of the day that exhaustion has come upon him when only half-way through the journey. When it is considered that, at the medium pace of ten miles an hour, fifty miles can be covered in five hours, the unreasonableness of excessive pace at any portion of the ride must be logically granted. For the average rider on tour, thirty to thirty-five miles a-day would be ample; the pace should not exceed ten miles an hour, and the major portion should be covered before mid-day.

Universal as the pastime of cycling is, "The Man on the Wheel" is still of a clannish disposition. He loves those spots where cyclists most congregate, and, year in and year out, will do a great deal of his wheeling in the direction of some rendezvous which has become popular amongst the riders of his vicinity. In all parts of the country this peculiarity obtains. In London the most famous cycling resorts are Ditton and Ripley on the Portsmouth Road, and every important centre throughout Britain possesses some particular spot which becomes, over all others, first-favourite with the cyclist.

R. L. J.



MISS GRACE WARNER AT CHELSEA.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Short Odds Horses. Form—I mean book form—has worked out badly of late. Many excuses have been forthcoming—the difference to be found in the going, the many rogues there are in training, the indifferent starts made by the gate, and so on and so forth. As a set-off to the foregoing, I may add that a certain syndicate of backers has been meeting with astounding luck for weeks past. Very few long-priced winners have been missed, and the odds-on chances have been carefully avoided. If we all possessed the "key," no doubt the results would be different; yet I should like to know how it is done. Some of our jockeys have been riding very indifferently of late, and one or two I could name have given one the impression of having drunk too freely of "the wine that was red." Anyway, they have floundered all over the place, and kept anything but a straight course. I should not be surprised to hear at any moment of a wholesale warning-off, and I suggest that the atmosphere requires to be cleared. The Stewards of the Jockey Club are real live men, having unlimited powers, and it can be taken for granted that defaulters will

Hurst Park, and Lingfield are right up to date and fitted up in all the latest styles. I suppose the Earl of March will arrange for the building of a Royal Stand at Goodwood. I suggest that it be fixed right in the centre of the Grand Stand. This might easily be done by utilising the rooms at the back for luncheon- and retiring-rooms. Then build another Stand for Goodwood House visitors on the lower end of the Lawn, where there is plenty of spare room to be found. Or, why not erect a small, low Stand on the opposite side of the course near the winning-post? This would not interfere with the public view of the racing in any way. I expect the Goodwood Meeting will be a very grand affair indeed next year, and I do hope the arrangements will be perfect. The Earl of March is a good organiser, and he may be relied on to see that everything that can be done will be done to make the reunion a big success.

"Music hath Charms." The Marquis of Cholmondeley, who considers he holds the right to act as Lord High Chamberlain at the King's Coronation, is a well-known figure on our racecourses, and he used to be fond of riding in wester races. He is a handsome man, clean-shaven, with dark, penetrating eyes, and is always chewing a tooth-pick; so is Sir C. Hartopp. Lord Marcus Beresford



DEER IN BONNIE SCOTLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. WILSON, ABERDEEN.

have to pay the penalty when it is clearly proved that they have been guilty, and a good job too.

Doncaster. There should be a huge gathering of the clans on the old Town Moor next week, for the Yorkshire folk dearly love a racehorse. It is a pity that no North-Country-trained candidate is likely to beat the favourites, for Syneros is said to be a non-stayer, and, much as I should like to see Mr. R. C. Vyner's colours carried to the fore, I am afraid it is not to be. Indeed, I consider the race all over bar shouting for Volodyovski, if Mr. Whitney's colt keeps well. I pay no heed whatever to his defeat by William the Third at Hurst Park. The result of the race was, in my opinion, a palpable fluke, and, if it were to be run over again, I should predict the victory of the Derby winner, who, I happen to know, is a real good colt. Mount Prospect may win the Great Yorkshire Handicap, although Osbech is expected to win a big handicap before the season closes. The Doncaster Cup should provoke plenty of speculation. If Merry Gal, Santo, Forfarshire, King's Courier, Clarehaven, and Mazagan go to the post, the winner should take some finding. I think Santo will win, but it should not be forgotten that Forfarshire was struck into at Goodwood when he finished third.

Royal Stands. As it is hoped their Majesties the King and Queen will attend many of the principal race-meetings in 1902, some Clerks of Courses are arranging to have new Royal Stands built. Thus, at Epsom, Newmarket, and Ascot the necessary arrangements are being made to provide adequate Stands for the use of their Majesties. The Royal Boxes at Kempton Park, Sandown Park,

and the Official Starter, Mr. Arthur Coventry, follow the same habit. The cross-country jockey, George Williamson, is fond of riding with a tooth-pick in his mouth; so are a few of the flat-race jockeys. The Irish cross-country jockeys while the time away when riding in races by singing patriotic ditties, which, by-the-bye, is not half a bad idea, as music hath charms for horses as well as for snakes, and the theory I put forward in these columns four years ago, that the music of Sloan's voice was a great assistance to him when coaxing rogues home in races, has never yet been controverted.

Gyp. It was only last week I referred to amateur trainers and showed how successful they had been. Now comes the victory of Gyp in the Great Ebor Handicap to strengthen my argument. The mare, who had been a great disappointment to Mr. C. Morbey and to Mr. Baird-Hay, won very easily indeed for her new owner, Mr. Peebles, who manages the training of his own racehorses. The name of Peebles is well known in the newspaper world, as the family has for years been large paper-manufacturers. The father of the present Mr. Peebles used to keep a few racehorses in training, but he ran them in an assumed name. The late Mr. Peebles drove to and from business every day in a turn-out similar to the one used by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild at the present time. He once told me that he quite despaired of owning a good horse, but, if he did, he would let me be one of the first to know. Mr. P. P. Peebles, the owner of Gyp, is a good judge of horses, and he evidently knows how to place them. It is said the bookmakers had a terrible run, as the majority of the big plunger went solid for the winner.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

NOW, when everybody more or less, but particularly the more, is out of town, when, with the arrival of the grouse and partridges, country-house parties are being formed and re-formed every week, it becomes very noticeable to the observant orthodox onlooker how the spirit of this luxurious age turns to pleasure-seeking as its only duty and ignores all besides as tedious—vetoed all else as “boring.” The go-as-you-please manner of these very modern days is, perhaps, nowhere more observable than on Sunday spent in a country-house, where the old-world reverence for custom, if nothing better, has departed and the secularisation of the Seventh Day is now almost complete. In our fathers’ days, not to go farther back, cold dinner, for example, was a Sunday rule, inasmuch as it relieved the pressure on the culinary and commissariat departments, the idea being to allow one’s domestics time for some church-going. Nowadays, such consumption of uncomfortable cold meals is unthought of in Society, and, though the skies may fall, food must be served hot. Then, in the matter of these same meals, what an elaborate system of stuffing (there is no other word) do we not impose on our overworked systems—in some cases, the matutinal hock-and-seltzer, in others the eight o’clock tea, not unaccompanied by a wafer, to begin the day; breakfast to follow on from 9.30 to mid-day, at a table which groans with good things, while the sideboard is flanked with cold game, pasties, and other toothsome etceteras. Hardly has the last loiterer lounged forth into hall or garden than the work of laying the table for lunch begins. Briefly summed up, this function is now

by an outbreak of sandwiches, hot scones, and other appetite-destroyers variously. Shootin’ or fishin’ not being yet quite permissible on the “Sabbath”—though, no doubt, on the way—a walk, some scientific croquet, or more active prancings at tennis, present themselves as



[Copyright.]

MRS. RALEIGH'S EVENING-GOWN IN "A MAN OF HIS WORD,"
AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

inevitable preparation for the greater gastronomical feast of the 8.30 dinner, which grows yearly a little later, in the interests of cultivating an appetite. Then follow drinks of all sorts and kinds in the smoke- and billiard-room, and Sunday is exchanged for Monday before the servants have finished their duties and betaken themselves to bed. Church-going is generally voted a bore, and those who can, escape it. Probably the host and hostess feel it incumbent to put in an appearance if they have a position in the county, but their guests please themselves, and that, judging from my observation, generally results in staying away when it can be decently accomplished. Catholics, by the way, being obliged by their religion to go to church on Sundays, are usually exceptions to this rule and punctilious in observing their own.

“Bridge” is the great rival of church-going once a week now; but, if it were not “Bridge,” it would be betting-books or housekeeper’s accounts or some other Seventh Day diversion. Another good old custom that has gone by the board, when once it went before it, is that of saying grace. People seem ashamed of the smallest manifestation of belief, and it is only when some divine or dignitary of the Church is asked to dinner that the request—which is a mere courtesy to his cloth—is proffered. So that, altogether, what with our Westralian and South African influx of wealth and wealthy, our brand-new tiaras, our big balls given as a bait to bring Society to eat our suppers, our week-end parties, and agreeable devices for killing time generally, we seem to have entered on a new and headlong era, wherein all that once was cherished has gone to the wall and a new order has arisen in England, as in other countries where decadence has gone before downfall.



[Copyright.]

GOWN FOR TROUVILLE OF BLUE-AND-WHITE FLANNEL.

practically a two o’clock dinner with the soup left out. Menus are provided, and coffee and liqueurs—not to mention the inevitable cigarette—go on until within measurable distance of tea-time. Here, again, the pleasant informality of this foregathering is helped forward

The subject of staying away brings before one at this travelling season a crying abuse in the condition of railway-carriages. They are dirty, they are ill-dusted, and, as an esteemed contemporary feelingly remarks, are death and destruction to delicate clothes. In France, where I have been travelling lately, the first-class carriages are upholstered in pale-fawn cloth, covered with washable crocheted, which is always clean and fresh. At home the dark upholstery is generally deep in dust, the floors and windows are half-cleaned, while soap and water are surely never applied to the filthy woodwork. As an instance, I may record having travelled North in a new fawn coat last week, which had been bought in Paris four days before. An eight hours' journey in a first-class carriage reduced this garment to a condition that made a cleaning process quite necessary. I wish someone with more leisure to fight railway companies than I possess would bring such a case into Court. Until an example is made and a hue-and-cry raised shall we be condemned, no doubt, to dirty railway-carriages. There are some things they certainly manage better in France, and this is one.

Apropos, after a railway journey, how "simple, private, and satisfactory" is the warm bath of custom, while, if anything can enhance the comfort thereof, it indisputably lies in the addition of a "Pasta Mack" tablet, which goes off in water with a delicious fizz, gives forth a delightful perfume, and produces a feeling of exhilaration to which one is most responsively appreciative. When bathing, it may be briefly advised, "Try 'Pasta Mack.'"

Hotels and railways have so improved in Ireland of late that the stream of visitors coming and going yearly increases in volume. The Great Southern and Western Railway, to which so many are now turning attention as a safe, solid, and improving investment, has done much to encourage this improved state of things, and amongst those in the *va-et-vient*, I notice Lady Conyngham and her husband have been visiting Killarney, Sir John Columb, with a party, and Sir John Ussher about Kenmare; and amongst American millionaires, Mr. Howard Gould has been touring by the new and charming route lately opened on the Kenmare, Parknasilla, Waterville, and Valentia Island route, already famous for its beauty and the up-to-date arrangements for enjoying it, moreover.

I note with pleasure that Messrs. George Poland and Son, the well-established firm of 190, Oxford Street, have been appointed by Royal Warrant furriers to Queen Alexandra. By special appointment, Messrs. Poland were also furriers to Her late Majesty and the Royal Family.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

MATER.—I think the Swiss chocolates you refer to quite wholesome and certainly palatable. But, without going so far afield, you will find a new chocolate confection, just placed on the market by Mellin of "Food" fame, quite excellent for all domestic purposes. It is wholesome and exceedingly good to eat. "Mellin's Chocolate Food" is, I think, the name given it. It is a nutritious combination of the Food and Chocolate, and should be exceedingly popular with the young people.

SYBIL.

MISS ROSE NESBITT.

Cupid is particularly active as a match-maker on the stage. The mischievous little undraped god is said to have used his bow-and-arrow with such good effect that Miss Rose Nesbit, who used to adorn the Adelphi, has been persuaded to transfer her affections from the theatre to Signor Castelli, an Italian gentleman to whom she is engaged. The lady's real name is Murray, I am told, and she is the accomplished granddaughter of Sir John Murray, of Philpauh, and of the late famous Editor of the *Scotsman*, Mr. Alexander Russel.

A marvel of cheapness is the special Photograph Album issued for one shilling and sixpence by Messrs. Ogden, the tobacco manufacturers of Liverpool. Each is arranged to contain two hundred of the gems of portraits given with their "Guinea Gold" cigarettes. Messrs. Ogden offer to

MISS ROSE NESBITT.
WHO WILL QUIT THE STAGE ON HER MARRIAGE WITH
SIGNOR CASTELLI.
Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

the public one guinea each for the first thousand completely filled Albums they receive on or before Dec. 31. These Albums will be presented as New Year's Gifts to Hospitals.

ALI NOURI BEY.

ALI NOURI BEY, late Consul-General of Turkey in Rotterdam, who is now in London with his wife, the Princess Hairie Ben-Ayad, is one of the prominent leaders of the Turkish Legitimist Party. This Party claims and works for the reinstalment on the throne of Turkey of Murad V., who was said to have become insane some time after his accession, and was, therefore, temporarily put aside, his brother Abdul Hamid being installed as



ALI NOURI BEY, LATE CONSUL-GENERAL OF TURKEY IN ROTTERDAM, AND HIS WIFE, THE PRINCESS HAIRIE BEN-AYAD.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Vice-Sultan under certain conditions which he then agreed to. One of these conditions, it is alleged, was to restore his power to his brother Murad, the rightful Ruler of Turkey, as soon as the latter should be able to resume the reign. Ali Nouri Bey has several times been in trouble with his Imperial enemy, I am informed, and has often made acquaintance with Abdul Hamid's political prisons, although he always managed to escape. Lately, however, Ali Nouri Bey has been condemned by order of Abdul Hamid to one hundred and one years' imprisonment. Ali Nouri Bey hopes there will soon be an end of the present reign in Turkey. Abdul Hamid is ill, very ill. The re-accession of Murad V. would give Turkey a Liberal Government, and be looked upon as the beginning of a new era for Turkey—that of progress, justice, and freedom.

HIS WIFE,

Hairie Hanem, a charming and accomplished lady, is the daughter of the late Mahmoud Pasha Ben-Ayad of Tunis, a personage well known in French Society in Paris during the reign of Napoleon III., who honoured him with his friendship. The family of Ben-Ayad is one of the oldest and noblest families in Tunis. The Princess is the first Turkish lady who has ever set foot in Europe with the mission of making known the social condition of her countrywomen, to engage in a campaign against the existing state of affairs in Turkey, and to expose its utter rottenness and corruption by delivering series of lectures.

DONCASTER RACES.

The Great Northern Railway Company are making very extensive arrangements in connection with this year's Doncaster Races. The ordinary splendid service of seventeen express trains from London will be supplemented. Additional special expresses will be run: On Monday next a first and third class express at ordinary fares will leave the Great Northern Terminus at King's Cross at 3.18 p.m., due at Doncaster 6.28. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Sept. 10, 11, 12, and 13, a special express, with first and third class luncheon-cars attached, will leave King's Cross at 9.53 a.m., arriving at Doncaster 12.53 p.m. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday next a special first and third class dining-car express will leave Doncaster at 6.5 p.m., arriving King's Cross 9.5; and on Friday, Sept. 13, a special first and third class dining-car express will leave Doncaster at 4.50 p.m., arriving at King's Cross at 8.50 p.m.; an additional express will also leave Doncaster on Friday, Sept. 13, at 4.40 p.m. Luncheon- or dining-cars, first and third class, are also attached to several of the express trains between London and Doncaster. For the convenience of passengers attending Alexandra Park Races, not wishing to leave Doncaster until Saturday, Sept. 14, a special express has been arranged to leave Doncaster at 9.39 a.m. on that day, and it will stop specially to set down passengers at Wood Green, Alexandra Park.

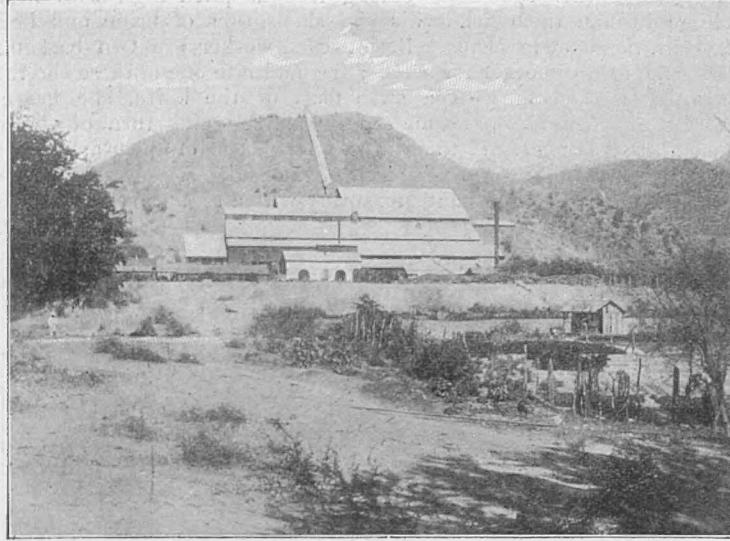
The United States Courts have recently decided in favour of the Remington Typewriter Company a suit brought for the purposes of restraining another firm from using the word "Remington" or the abbreviation "Rem." His Majesty has granted the Remington Company the Royal Warrant as typewriter manufacturers.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 10.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE ease prevailing in the Money Market and the dulness doing ditto in Consols are the two most remarkable features of the financial world at present. The dividend has been deducted from the price of the Funds, and in anticipation of this there was a little speculative buying a few days ago, on the idea that Goschens at 93 $\frac{1}{4}$ ex div. would look very cheap. But the market is hesitating, and any appearance of strength which it may momentarily present is



GOLD-MINING IN MEXICO: FIFTY-STAMP MILL AT ZAPOTÉ.

quickly swept away. Of course, this kind of thing can hardly be expected to last much longer, and, as there is a scarcity of real stock, a sustained advance is far from improbable. Yet we must reiterate the fact that the outward semblance of the market does not give buyers much encouragement, although, of course, everything might be changed very rapidly upon the receipt of news from the theatre of war relative to wholesale surrenders before Sept. 15.

Yankees are still a fairly lively market, and maintain their artificial buoyancy with every appearance of reality. Home Rails fail to recover to any extent, notwithstanding fairly good traffic returns. The Grand Trunk department is very gay, and Canadian Pacifics keep strong. Transvaal Five per Cents keep steady, and there is a growing feeling that the Government may offer an attractive new stock in lieu of paying off the Loan at par, which they have power to do. Mining Markets display little activity, the late spurt in Kaffirs having been succeeded by another period of enforced idleness and some little selling on the part of market operators.

Some few weeks ago we drew attention to the prospects of mining enterprise in Mexico, and gave a couple of views showing part of the Mesquital Mining Company's operations. The Chairman of the Palmaréjo and Mexican Gold Fields, Limited, has now been good enough to send us another pair of views representing the property of the latter Company, and these we reproduce this week.

HOME RAILWAYS.

There is a general inclination, natural enough under the circumstances, to make the very best of the Home Railway traffics published so far during the current half-year. The last batch issued before we go to press, those for Aug. 28, were so far cheerful that the number of increases recorded was more than the total of decreases. The Great Western secured an advance of £4070, bringing its total for the half-year up to £31,120 increase, and the Brighton's gain of £1389 lifted its total increase to date up to just over ten thousand pounds. These two are the best in the list. The worst showing is presented by the Midland, whose decrease to date is £56,430, and the North-Western, with £45,628 to the bad. Against this, however, must be set the memory of last year's figures, which were excellent.

But we are afraid that we cannot derive as much satisfaction from these statistics as some of our more sanguine contemporaries. Unpleasant though it be to write despondently of Home industries, we fear that the Home Railway Market must continue in its present weak condition for at least another five months, unless trade should suddenly awake in a wholly unexpected manner. The falling-off in the takes of the North-Western, Midland, and North-Eastern looks bad for trade, these being the three great goods-carrying lines. The Great Western, of course, ranks in almost the same category, but its prosperity is exceptional and due to extraneous causes. Good results shown by the Great Eastern and the Brighton lines are the results of the rush to the Continent—Switzerland, perhaps, having seen more English tourists this year than ever it has done before. The Great Northern shows a decline to date of £22,053—still another evidence of slackening trade. Passenger receipts must begin to fall off as soon as the holiday season is over, and the statistics for the last quarter of the New Century's first year are not the

things to wax bullishly prophetic over. Only, of course, the decrease in the cost of coal must make a considerable difference in the next batch of reports, and the economy that the great Railway Companies are exercising may go far to make up for a decline in traffic receipts.

DIAMONDS.

Rarely has the Kaffir Market been so bullish over its favourites as it is now with regard to De Beers. The shares are talked to "40 easily, 45 possibly," and still the reason for the jump is wrapped in mystery. There has already been a substantial improvement in the price, but holders are besought not to sell, so hopeful does the Stock Exchange grow about its Diamond shares. And the buying which has taken place is not credited to Belgium or to Paris; it is said to be on behalf of the Hatton Garden Brigade, which generally knows what it is doing, and has, of course, special facilities for making money in De Beers from being in so close touch with the movements in the price of the stones. It is reported that the Company has just concluded a contract for the sale of its diamonds at values 20 per cent. above those ruling a year ago. That is one theory. Another, and one quite as reliable, is that the shares are to be split, as Jagersfontein were treated and Rio Tinto. With respect to the former, the splitting process simply sapped all the vigorous life of the market, leaving it as dull as ditch-water, but with Rio Tinto the case is very different, and in Rio Deferred the speculation to-day is as large as ever it was in the old shares. The market in De Beers may be trusted to continue a favourite area for gambling, and holders of the shares ought to keep them for the present, unless they have a particularly tempting profit, in which case we should advise them to take it.

THE STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

The Stranger had so got into the habit of passing along Throgmorton Street when he came to London that he turned his feet in its direction quite as a matter of course the other day.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said politely, as a little man with a large umbrella ran full-tilt against him outside the Yankee Market.

"Don't mention it!" replied the assailant good-humouredly. "Believe it was all my fault," and he picked up his silk-hat from the gutter. "Been trying to deal in Southern Common," he went on, "and it's something of a struggle to get out of the market on evenings like this."

"What are Southern Common?" asked The Stranger, ever open to receive a friendly tip. "I mean, are they Mining shares, or Land stock, or what?"

"Oh! they're Yankee Rails, my dear sir," and the other regarded our friend rather curiously. "Haven't any idea where the line is situated myself, but I know the price is about 34 $\frac{1}{4}$, and some folks think it will go very much better."

"Is there any likelihood of popular opinion turning out correct as a tipster?" demanded The Stranger.

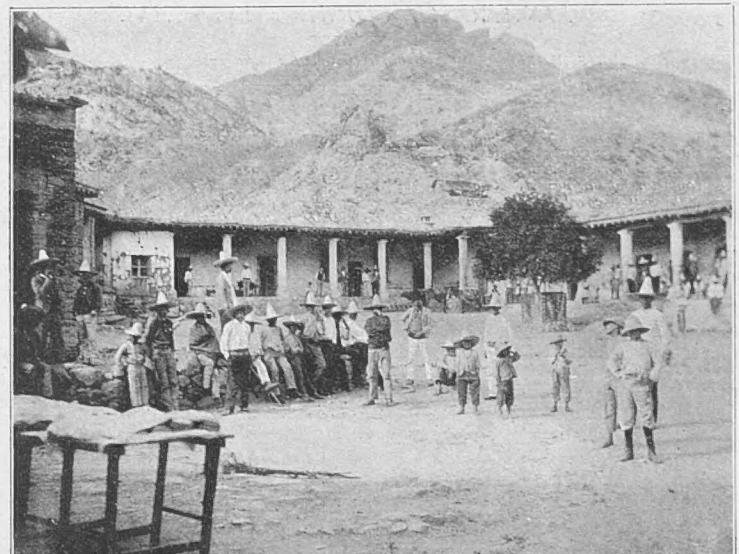
"Ah! now you're asking something I should very much like to know myself. Did I know for an absolute, dead cert. that Southern Common would rise or fall only an eighth, within the next hour, let us say, I should go home a rich man to-night. It would only be a question of how many shares I could buy or sell, and—"

He gave a chuckle. "Rum thing, isn't it?" he remarked; "you have only got to do one of two simple things—buy or sell—and do it in sufficient degree, and your fortune is made in a day. Hullo, Bones, what's the last of Unions?"

The Stranger waited in Shorter's Court for a little longer, and a shout for "Southern Common" induced him to edge his way a little up the Court.

"They tell me that Southern Common ought to be taken home to sleep on," said one of two men who were earnestly talking. "But, to tell the truth, I'm getting downright sick of Yankee tips. They always come off the wrong way."

"I think I shall buy a few of those Common Southern," was The Stranger's meditation as he got into Throgmorton Street again. His



OFFICERS AND PAY STORES AT PALMAREJO.

neighbour in the country had given him an introduction to a firm of House-men, and he intended calling upon those gentlemen this evening.

"Who said Trunk Seconds?" suddenly exclaimed a voice at his side.

"I did. What's the eighth price in five thousand?" was the response.

The Stranger, who had bought some of the stock much lower down as one result of an evening's perambulation in Throgmorton Street, stopped to see the bargain booked after much haggling.

"They ought to go better, don't you think?" asked the first speaker. "I don't see what there is to stop them on this side of 95, or Firsts from going to 110."

The other shook his head somewhat dubiously. "They've had a big rise," he advanced tentatively.

"Quite so! But the prospects of the line are magnificent. The Company never knew such times."

"That is very likely; but, on the other hand, you must take the ups with the downs in Trunks, and good crops, Royal visits, and that kind of thing can't come every year. I have sold most of my stock, and that's the truth."

The Stranger thought that his unconscious friend was perhaps near the truth. "At all events," he said to himself, "the fellow seems to talk common-sensibly enough."

Once more he essayed an attempt to reach the brokers' office in Warnford Court, but the little crowd of Mining dealers proved an irresistible magnet, and drew him to the pavement opposite that of his destination.

"Gold Trust! Gold Trust!" someone was shouting. "Anybody know Gold Trust?"

"I trusted that chap with some gold once," observed a grim-looking man in the middle, "and—"

The Libel Laws, or some others, evidently recurred to his memory, and he said no more. But those round about laughed and vowed he had been paid long since.

"On the day that I lent him fifty of the best," went on the misanthropic individual, "I bought a bull of Consols as a hedge against the speculation. The loan was returned, but Consols turned tail, and that is why I consider he still owes me money."

"Oh, cheer up, Quirkie!" appealed a younger branch of the market. "All things come to him who speculates—even a profit on a bull of Consols, if you only keep the stock long enough. Aren't Consols ex-dividend now?"

"Yes," replied the unhappy bull, "and they look cheap enough. But so they did when I gave 98 for them."

"There's a five per cent. rise in Goschens, I'm certain," confidently chimed in another of the group. "And, if I weren't so deeply laden with Goldfields and Rand Mines, I'd have a cut into the market myself."

"The War seems to drag on as though 'twere never coming to an end," impatiently exclaimed a straw-hatted person wearing *pince-nez*. "I've a great mind to chuck my Randfontein and Kaffirs generally."

"What for?"

"Because I am so sick of them."

"You'll be still more sick if you do sell your Kaffirs, my boy. There's been a rise due for months, and the only reason for its delay is the fearfully spun-out nature of this guerrilla warfare. But don't lose patience yet."

"Don't lose patience" is a beautiful moral maxim," rejoined The Speculator, "but when it is tantamount to 'do lose money,' I fail to see where its practical utility comes in."

"What you want is a change," said a fatherly looking jobber standing near.

"Yes, it is. Small change or any other kind. If the market doesn't—"

But The Stranger was growing fearful of missing his brokers. He hurried up the steps at Warnford Court. To his relief, the door he sought stood open. An ancient dame stood within, her arms piled with waste-paper baskets. "Gorne this last 'arf-hour," was all she said.

Saturday, Aug. 31, 1901.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch Office*, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

SOBREZA.—The Debentures appear to be well secured and have good prospects of a rise. The Wire shares you might leave alone for a while in the face of recent legal proceedings.

YARMOUTH FISH-GIRLS.

THE accompanying photograph illustrates a distinctive feature connected with the Great Yarmouth herring fishery, with which industry the commercial well-being of that old town has been inextricably bound up from time immemorial. A group of Scotch fish-girls is here represented cleaning the herring preparatory to their being packed in barrels of brine and exported to the four quarters of the globe. The girls are at work on the Denes behind the wharf where the fish are landed—a narrow strip of turf-covered sand lying between sea and river, where miles of fishing-nets are spread to dry and where tufts of red sorrel, bright-orange trefoil, and grey-green sea-holly spring up between the brown net-meshes. The scene is sufficiently picturesque. The girls gather round big oblong troughs piled high with herring, while all round them fish-swills and skeps, tubs of brine and kegs of dry-salt, lie about in chaos. Beside each worker are two baskets, one for prime fish, the other for smaller fry, and into one of these she throws each herring when, with a swift flash of the knife, she has cut a deft little nick in its throat, and, with a single quick turn of the wrist, done all that is necessary to clean it. Hundreds of girls are employed in this way during the three months of the fishing season. They descend upon Yarmouth from distant Stornoway with a regularity as unfailing as



SCOTCH GIRLS CLEANING HERRING AT GREAT YARMOUTH.

the advent of the herring themselves, and with the departure of the silvery shoal for the South the Scotch lasses pack their oilskin petticoats, their knitting-pins, and their spoils from the Yarmouth shops into their big sea-chests, and Yarmouth knows them no more till autumn and the fishing season bring them again.

THE MAJOR OF THE TOWER.

Lieutenant-General G. B. Milman, C.B., is a veteran in more senses than one, for he has just completed his thirty-first year of service as Major of the Tower of London. Born in December 1822, the son of a distinguished soldier, he was educated at Eton, and when not half through his seventeenth year was gazetted to the famous "Fighting Fifth," in whose ranks he served for some twenty-six years in many parts of the Empire. A splendid swimmer in his younger days, in 1848 he saved the lives of five brother officers who had been, together with himself, upset in a boat at Mauritius. For this gallant action the Royal Humane Society presented him with its medal in gold. In the Indian Mutiny he saw much service under Lord Clyde (Sir Colin Campbell) and Sir James Outram, being mentioned in despatches, promoted, and getting the "C.B." He retired on half-pay some thirty-five years ago, and, with the approval of Her late Majesty, was appointed to his present position by the then Constable of the Tower, Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, in August 1870. It is astonishing to reflect that the veteran Major of the Tower joined the Army more than sixty-two years ago.

OUR INDIAN ARMY.

Our native Indian Army has for long been the admiration of both British and Foreign critics, and its achievements in Frontier Campaigns and in various parts of Africa have well justified this. Even a prominent French military critic has lately expressed himself in glowing terms as to those Indian soldiers engaged in the late Chinese operations, pronouncing them as fully equal to the best Continental troops for all purposes of Asiatic warfare. Now that the Field Army has been almost fully provided with the magazine-rifle and up-to-date mountain-guns, the question of Mounted Infantry has arisen, and in the near future every native regiment will have its contingent of trained mounted men. Each corps, too, will have its Maxim-guns, and, under the progressive régime of Sir Power Palmer, with the able assistance of Brigadier-General J. S. Collins, late of the famous "Queen's," a new and improved scheme of winter camps for Indian troops has been initiated which, it is expected, will greatly add to their fighting efficiency.